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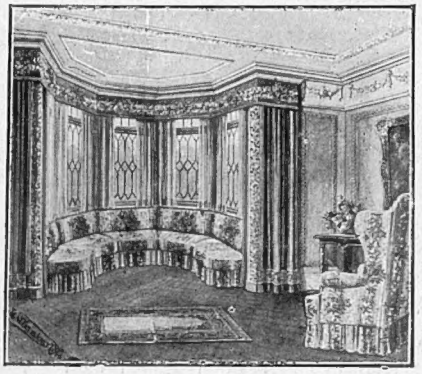

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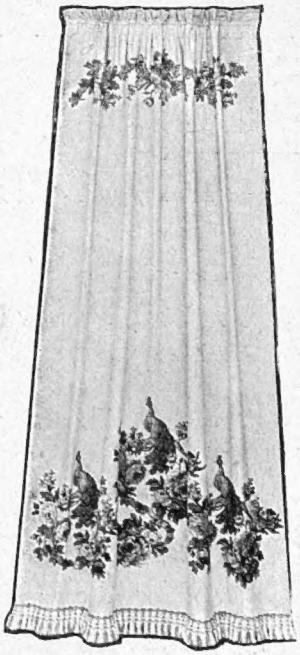

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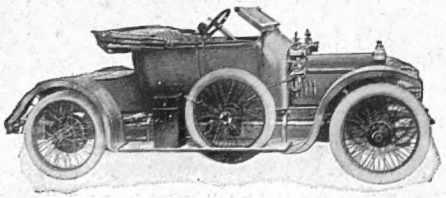

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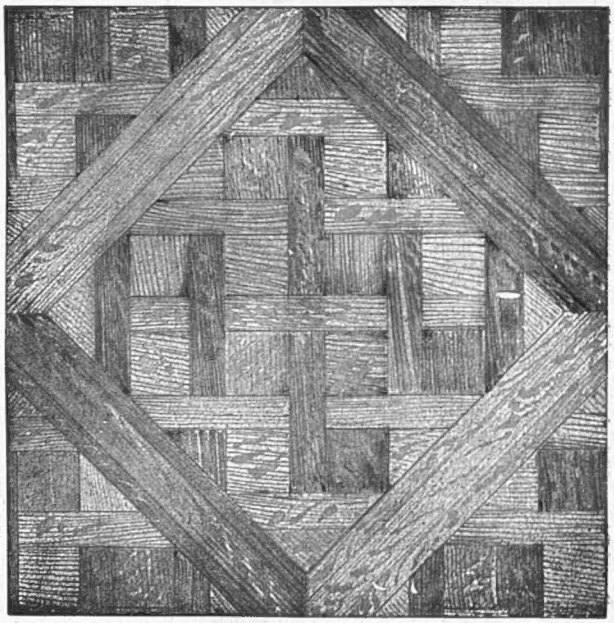

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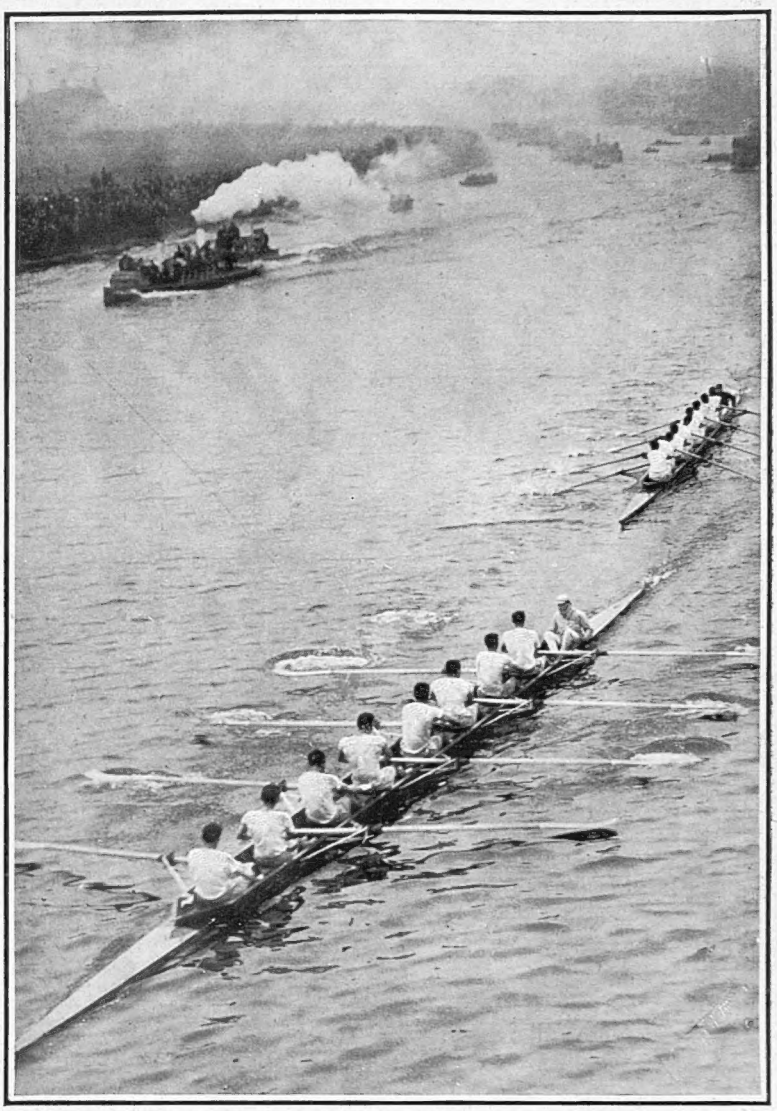
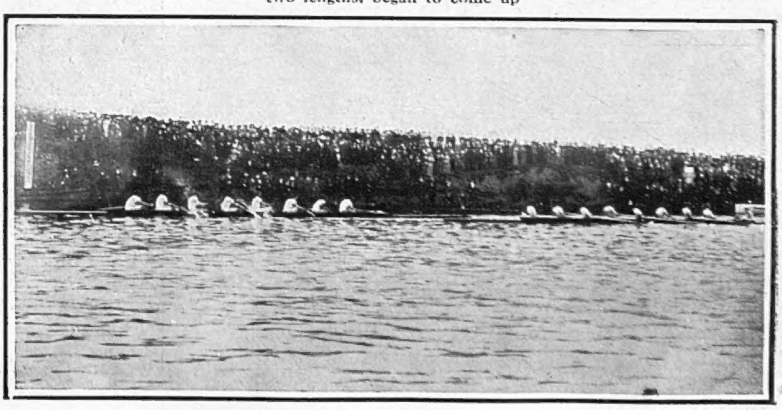
A SMILING SNAPSHOT OF THE HEIR-APPARENT

Who betrayed proper boyish interest in last week's battle of the blues, in which his own 'Varsity colours were victorious. Including the cox, there were five members of his own College (Magdalen) in the winning crew



THE RACE PASSING BARNES BRIDGE

It was at this late stage that Oxford, having been led all the way, sometimes by nearly two lengths, began to come up



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PHINEAS FINN. 2 vols. By Anthony Trollope. (Bell: 3s. 6d. net each vol.)
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FRIAR TUCK. By R. A. Wason. (Grant Richards: 6s.)
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BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ON VARIOUS TOPICS

OF THE TIMES

"The World's mine oyster
Which I with PEN will open"
—PISTOL *(modified)*

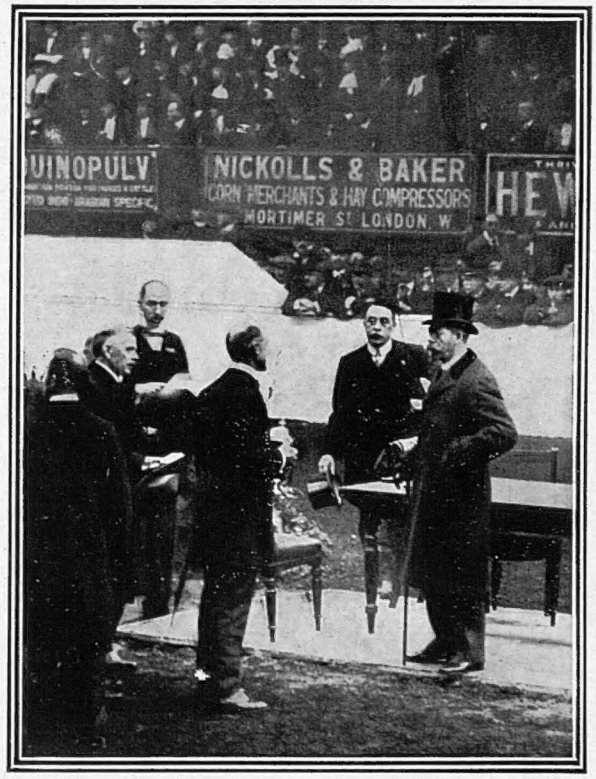
At Westminster

The absence of enthusiasm on the part of the principal figures was more pronounced than ever before at this year's opening of Parliament. But, remarked a prominent personage to THE BYSTANDER as he passed out of the Chamber, is it usual to be enthusiastic in opening an oyster that one knows to be bad?

***

The Latest Indiscretion

Mr. Churchill is not really a bad Minister, but he has a faculty unmatched by any of his colleagues for getting into unnecessary scrapes. It is not so much what he says, as the way he puts it. Any other politician, attempting to tell the Canadians that they couldn't build, or pay for, or man, or manœuvre their own ships in their own waters, would have taken immense trouble to word the despatch in a way that would not ruffle local susceptibilities. To call a spade a spade is well enough when a British Minister is talking to his own people, but to the Colonies it must always be an agricultural implement.



Photograph *Sport and General*

HIS MAJESTY PRESENTS HIS CHALLENGE CUP

To Mr. J. L. B. Wickham-Boynton, the owner of "King's Courtship," the thoroughbred adjudged the best at the Hunter and Thoroughbred Show opened last week at the Royal Agricultural Hall

***

"The Navy be Blowed"

Talking of Mr. Churchill, a Bystander from the Riviera reports to me that considerable mystery existed there over the First Lord's visit to his French comrade at Toulon. Was that visit a mere episode in his holiday—a little blending of business with pleasure—or was it of international importance? So far as people could judge, from the Minister's demeanour at the tables at "Monte," the whole British Navy could be blowed rather than he should interest himself in anything but *roulette*. "Winston" was playing for all he was worth, with a concentration that certainly deserved reward. Whether he was winning or losing was not easy to say. A characteristic contrast to Sir Rufus Isaacs, who gambles with the expert *abandon* of the ex-Stockbroker.

Helping the Enemy

I am not surprised that Lord Charles Beresford should speak out pretty plainly to his leaders as to the absurdity of calling opponents traitors, etc., etc., and then going off and playing games and dining with them. The thing has been overdone altogether by the Opposition. In this connection, too, there is the news that the Marconi Ministers are to be defended in their action against the *Matin* by Sir Edward Carson. Nobody wants Ministers to be attacked unfairly, but it is rather surprising that members of the Opposition should go out of their way to help them out of their difficulties. "Thou shalt not kill," says a revised version of the Decalogue, "but needst not strive officiously to keep alive."

***

Ye Antient Jeste

The "public" is getting on—slowly—in its war against militancy. Horseplay begins to give place to horse-collar humour. Last week, to the intense amusement of the newspaper press, the Suffragettes were subjected to the first great hoax—the one, you remember, that was tried with such great success by Remus upon Romulus during the luncheon hour of the day on which Rome was built. A number of vans drew up in front of the Kingsway offices, laden with merchandise which had been ordered in the name of the W.S.P.U. Just as in the case of the earlier practice of the joke, the people who were really annoyed were not the intended victims, but the unfortunate tradesmen, who were put to a lot of trouble and expense for nothing. The "public," in fact, while aiming at the Suffragettes, only hit its poor old self, and thus, unconsciously, played the militants' own game. When, in fact, I read the story of the "hoax," I had some difficulty in convincing myself that it was not an "outragette" (*i.e.*, a Suffragette outrage).

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

For Once, a Really Great Boat Race

A Great Boat Race

I quite sympathised with the lady who, as the "skimmer" passed with the dark blue colour uppermost, adopted the time-honoured advice and asked a policeman, "Have Oxford *really* won?" and received a laconic "Yes, Miss," in reply. When they passed the Duke's Meadow with Cambridge leading by a length and a half I did not think they could possibly do it. Nine times out of ten the race is over at Barnes Bridge, but this was the tenth time, or, to be strictly accurate, the eleventh, for the last time that it happened was in 1901, when, just as on Thursday, Oxford rowed their rivals down in that last bit after a long stern chase and a rough passage. The only difference on Thursday was that, although the wind had begun to pipe up and was blowing quite fresh at the finish, the conditions were better, but the finish itself was every bit as thrilling. That final spurt of Wormald's was one of the finest things seen in rowing for many a long day.

***

Good for Cambridge

Public sympathy was with Cambridge because of their cruel bad luck in the course of training. They did more than was expected of them, and they led the heaviest crew that has ever rowed in the race for nearly the whole way, but any regret that might have been felt over their ultimate defeat was swallowed up in admiration for the magnificent way in which it was achieved. 1913 will go down to posterity as one of *the* great years of the 'Varsity Boat Race.

***

Those "Birth-Stains"

The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are now positively on their way home from Canada, and it is just possible that the name of the Duke's successor will be announced soon. I'm sure I hope so, if only to dam the flood of conjecture. It has now got as far as Lord Beauchamp, who, ever since he was alleged to be about to marry a Royal Princess, has been "appointed to" about every post under the sun. But as a Colonial Governor—never again! The man who infuriated Australia by talking about "birth-stains" is not the Governor-General for a ticklish time like this.

***

Where Is Easter?

The Court having moved to Windsor this week and a good portion of Society having migrated, from force of custom, one might expect London to be what is technically called "empty." But with Easter so early and Parliament sitting, a number of people are staying in Town—indeed, by the lay public very little notice is being taken of Easter this year. It is true the Boat Race was moved out of Holy Week, in deference to clerical protest, but schools are not breaking up, there are theatrical "first nights" on the eve of Good Friday and Easter day, and generally far less cessation of business or pleasure than ever before.

***

Social Reform

Why not reform the calendar and make Easter a fixed date like Christmas? I know there is some complicated reason for the present lack of system—something to do with the moon, I believe—but surely it would be more satisfactory to everybody, especially to those who value Easter primarily as a religious festival. An anniversary that shifts from year to year is no anniversary at all. I suppose it is rather a ticklish job to tackle, but the present Government doesn't seem over-timid of the susceptibilities of the Church, and might, in this matter of Easter, do one thing that

NON-AMPHIBIOUS ALBION; OR, AN ALLY WITH LIMITATIONS

FRANCE (armed): "And in all events, my friend, I may count on your most kind help?"

ASQUITH: "Anything in reason, chère madame—on the sea; but you will have noticed that we are not on the same (ahem!) footing as yourselves; a deformity due no doubt to our island atmosphere!" (By E. T. Reed)

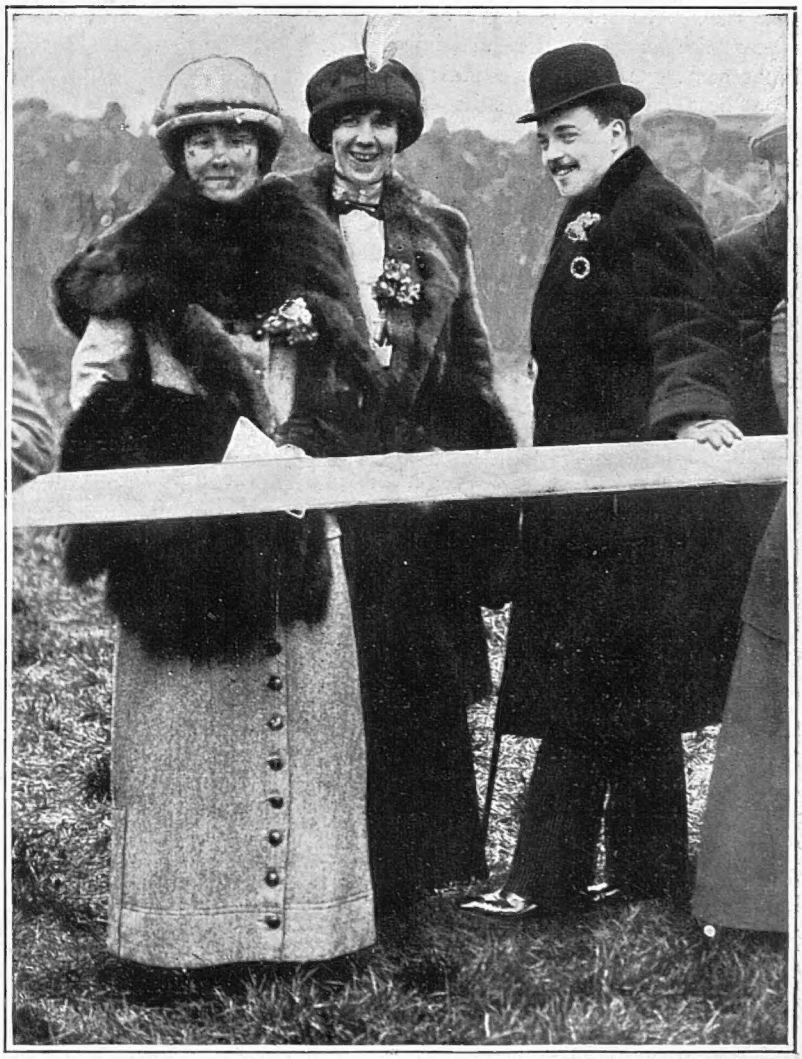
Positively Everybody (and Everybody Else)

AT THE NATIONAL HUNT AT CHELTENHAM

SPECTATORS, VARIOUSLY "EXPRESSIONED," WATCHING THE BIG RACE AT PRESTBURY PARK

QUEEN AMÉLIE'S HAPPY SMILE

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT AND LORD LONDONDERRY



DOM MANOEL AND LADY DUDLEY (left) ALSO SMILING

LORD RIBBLESDALE AND LADY DUDLEY

In spite, or perhaps because of the considerable risk it entails, 'chasing is always most popular with Society, and the smart steeplechase meetings draw more fashionable crowds than any, except, perhaps, Ascot and Goodwood, and are less frequented by "hoi polloi." The "best people" turned up in force and enjoyed themselves thoroughly at the National Hunt Meeting at Cheltenham last week—at which, by the way, two riders, Viscount Ebrington and Captain Springfield, were seriously injured

A Defence of the Uninvited Guest

would make it positively popular. The other would be something drastic with regard to Christmas.

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The Uninvited Guest

The particular uninvited guest who turned up at Lady Jessel's party the other day seems to have given himself away by his clothes, though accounts differ as to whether brown trousers or a dinner jacket was his fatal solecism. Anyway, something was very wrong. But how difficult it is for a man who does not go about to find out just what he ought to wear on all occasions! True, there are men's dress notes in some of the papers, but when you've learnt from them that—say—red suits with blue stripes are the only possible wear at the moment, it always turns out (near the end of the article) that some particular firm makes the best and cheapest suits in this colour—and, well, it saps one's confidence, somehow, doesn't it?

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The Inevitable Penalty

As a matter of fact, THE BYSTANDER is not impressed with all this fuss about uninvited guests. If people were content to give parties for people they knew instead of just aiming at gathering as many individuals as possible together under one roof in order to make a show and get a notice in the papers, there would be no need to consider the question at all. The whole trouble is of quite recent growth, and, I am bound to say, it seems to me as if "smart" modern hostesses simply asked for it.

LADY JULIET DUFF GOLFING AT CANNES

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Guarding the Cabinet

A lady writes: "It is a fact that every Cabinet Minister is extraordinarily well guarded by the police. I even heard of one the other day who took two detectives to spend Christmas with him! You can ask no questions without provoking the inconvenient attention of the gentleman in or temporarily out of blue. But the mere rumour of an attempt to kidnap Cabinet Ministers always brings in very large contributions to Suffragette funds! So they say, at any rate!"

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The End of Winter

The week before Easter marks the end of another winter season in Town. There have been a good number of small dances this winter, and everyone seems to have taken up dancing far more seriously. That is, perhaps, the most salient feature of a not very remarkable season. Lady Newton's party to meet the Unionist leaders was the last function to take place.

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Literary Fame

The education of the British public proceeds apace. Thanks to the law courts, and the subsequent headlines, it has lately become acquainted with the

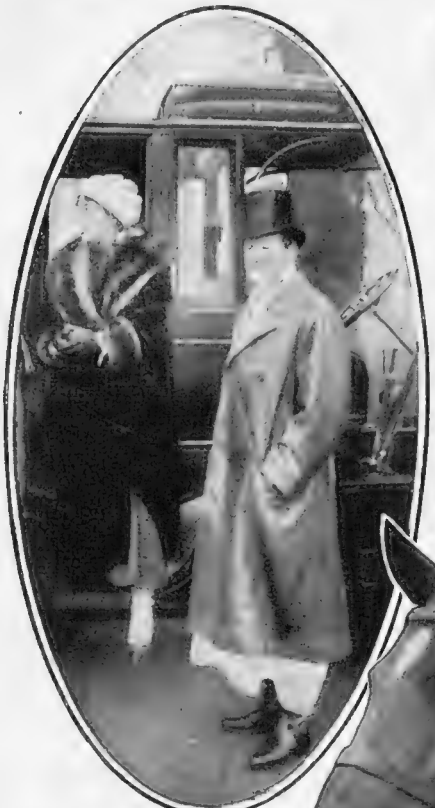
MR. BALFOUR'S NEW CRAZE

A GOOD SHOT— —BADLY MISSED

Lady Alastair Innes-Ker and Mr. Balfour enjoy a game of lawn tennis at Cannes. The latter's progress at the game is, at the moment of writing, just so-so

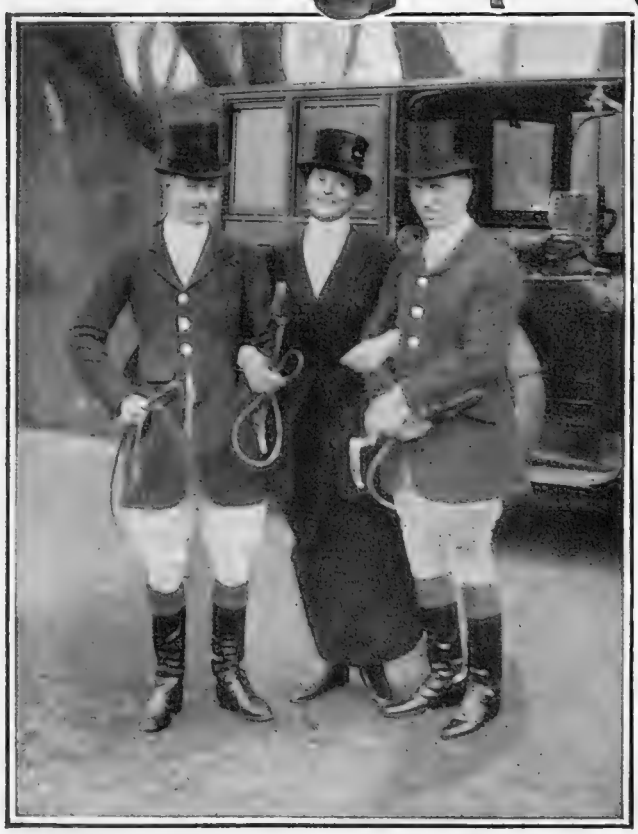
Followers of the Belvoir

SOME MEMBERS OF THE DUKE OF RUTLAND'S FOXHOUNDS AT A RECENT MEET



MRS. DAVID BEATTY, WIFE OF REAR-ADMIRAL BEATTY

MRS. PETO, LADY DIANA MANNERS, MARQUIS OF GRANBY, AND DUCHESS OF RUTLAND
(Four centre figures reading from left to right)



VISCOUNT EBRINGTON (of the Scots Greys), MRS. ALLFREY AND CAPTAIN ALLFREY
In an attitude that is nothing if not "all free"

MISS BARBARA LOWTHER WITH HER FAVOURITE HUNTER

Photographs *P. H. Adams*

There is nothing much to say about these pictures. Just people out with the Belvoir—nice, jolly-looking people, such as usually are to be found in the entourage of the Duke and Duchess of Rutland

The Cottesmore's American Master

names of at least half a dozen more or less leading writers of the day. The day may yet arrive when our literary men will be very nearly as well known to the nation as our murderers.

* *
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An Exhibition Match

Failing any more serious contest, the exhibition match we are to have with a neighbouring Power this summer should prove of considerable interest. The Imperial Services Exhibition at Earl's Court will show us, and our visitors, all the details of our offensive and defensive preparations, while at the Anglo-German Exhibition at the Crystal Palace there will be a display of the warlike as well as peaceful resources of the German Empire. Everything will be conducted with a view to promoting the friendliest feelings. In order not to alarm our visitors, the Earl's Court models will be strictly in miniature—even airships, if possible—while to prove that it can't have been Zeppelins we have been seeing, Germany will send one over.

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Where are the English?

We publish this week what will probably be the season's very last batch of hunting photographs, so non-hunting readers may take heart. And, by way of a parting comment, I see that Mr. Strawbridge, "the American," is, after all, going to be Master of the Cottesmore next season. A youngish man, with plenty of money, he is sure to do the thing well; but at the same time, isn't it "a bit thick" that no English gentleman will come forward and take up such a traditionally English post, especially when you think of those in that county who might have done so. I wonder if the day will ever dawn when Buckingham Palace will go, by default, to an American! Judging by the activity and ambition of the invaders from across the ocean, less unlikely things might happen.

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Mrs, West's Play

Talking of Earl's Court exhibitions, I ventured an inquiry last week as to what Mrs. George Cornwallis West would do next? The answer is prompt as it is logical. It is but one step from the law courts to the theatre, and next week a political play by Mrs. West, *The Bill*, is to be produced—in Scotland. The play, I understand, is a comedy, and the author is to be commended for her courage in thus putting it to the severest possible test. It is not her first. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, if I remember right, acted in an earlier effort, called *His Borrowed Plumes*, which was rapturously received by a Society audience.

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Less than Bare Justice

When Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, no less versatile in her way than Mrs. West—last visited America a general desire was expressed to see more of her—no, I'm not going to tell that story!—and she is going to gratify that wish, I see, by appearing in some of her dances which didn't go down in London, but have been delighting artistic Vienna. Hers may not be the highest form of art, but at least she is fairly graceful and interesting, and why the London that welcomed a contortionist like "Sahary Djeli" should have cold-shouldered Lady Constance would be a bit of a mystery if one didn't know it had been told to. And in matters artistic we are really surprisingly good in doing what we're told.

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The End of the Ballet

The Bystander, by the way, had begun to think that the Russian Ballet was a little less popular than it used to be. But the scene of enthusiasm at the last performance inclines me to reconsider my opinion. Nevertheless, it was bad policy not to do *L'Après-Midi* after it had been advertised, and I fancy many people were grateful to the "gods" in general, and the individual with a stentorian voice in particular, who, by way of showing their disappointment, enlivened the last interval with shouts for its performance.

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Dance Nuisances

The art of selecting appropriate names is not always carefully enough studied, but great efforts are being made with the new dances. The latest things

ANOTHER GAIN FOR THE STARS AND STRIPES

No Englishman having come forward to "Master" the Cottesmore Hounds next season, an American, Mr. R. E. Strawbridge, who is seen above, will take over the "Mastership" of this famous pack.

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

Topics: Social and Sporting

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT

Conversing with a friend on the occasion of the Beaufort Hunt Point-to-point Steeplechases at Luckington.

from France, which are to knock the Turkey Trot and its contemporaries out of time, have been christened the Bostang, the Sherlockinette, and the Chichigalpienne. They sound like rather harsh punishments for that other modern dance nuisance—the uninvited guest.

* * *

Private and Confidential

Tea on the terrace is one of the few relaxations for M.P.'s in these busy balmy days of spring—my fur overcoat, please—and one does not grudge them their little flutter on making a new staircase from the corridor for the greater honour of lady visitors. But what is this item of £193 7*s.* 9*d.* for alterations to the Chancellor of the Exchequer's room "to facilitate the transaction of confidential business?" Well, the fact is that the room *was* badly constructed for confidential business, and I am told that Mr. Lloyd George has long been complaining that he could barely get in a half swing with his practice brassy.

* * *

Riviera Sports: Leg-Pulling

I fancy that many of the faithful Commons, now that they are fairly in for a stiff session, with hardly a break till August, must be looking back with regret to the Riviera they have just left, where dances, battles of flowers, and other festive delights are still going gaily on—though, perhaps, it is not quite the wallow of "astounding and overpowering" wealth and luxury that the editor of the *British Weekly* has been picturing to his Nonconformist readers. Discussing some of the visitors, Sir Robertson Nicoll says he was told by an expert that Mr. Balfour was "a first-rate lawn tennis player," and "would have been the best on the ground if only he could have run faster." That does not surprise me in the least. It seems just the sort of thing an expert *would* have told his interrogator.

* * *

Lipton's Chance

At Nice this is a great racing week, with flat racing on land as well as the international regatta, which always attracts so many yacht-owners from England and elsewhere. This reminds me that Sir T. Lipton's challenge has brought him once more out of the position of comparative obscurity he has occupied since the present reign began. And incidentally, I am told that there are people who take quite an interest in the America Cup, though I never met any of them outside newspaper offices.

* * *

The Cup that Bores

Human nature being what it is, I fear most of us will not begin to feel very deeply about it until there is some earthly chance of our winning—which will not be until some one invents a new Admirable Crichton kind of boat that will be heavy enough to stand the Atlantic voyage and light enough to beat the one built for speed alone. The only other way is to build a special liner round the challenger and carry her across!

Photograph *Central News*

H.H. THE DUCHESS OF TECK AND MR. R. H. GOSLING, THE MASTER OF THE GARTH HUNT

Photographed at the second meet of the Hunt this season in Windsor Great Park, which was held on Saturday week last by special permission of the King, many royalties attending

"From Rumour's Tongue I Idly Heard"

A HYPOTHETICAL CASE

—King John, Act IV., Scene 2

Dr. Hensley Henson, the new Dean of Durham, speaking at Sunderland, said: "I am one of those who think that ministers of religion should keep themselves apart from politics, and in this connection I am thinking of giving a prize at the end of, say, ten years of my stay, to the ingenious person who can tell at the end of that time to which party I belong.—Daily Express.

In the Train.—"Did you see that the new Dean of Durham announced a prize competition from the pulpit the other day?"

"No! Really? That sounds a bit thick, doesn't it? What *are* the clergy coming to?" etc., etc.

Over the Tea Cups. "My dear, isn't it *awful!* What *do* you think? Dr. Hensley Henson, whom I always thought such a *good* man, actually advocates church lotteries, and has started a weekly guessing competition," etc., etc.

From "John Bull" (*Answers to Correspondents*).—*Tony:* "We know nothing about the reverend gentleman's prize competitions, but from what we hear should advise you to give them a miss and stick to ours. What *we* want is a 'Business Church.'"

From the "Daily Mail" Headlines:

DEAN OF DURHAM'S
DERELICTION OF DUTY.
WILL THE BISHOP INTERVENE?
THE LEGAL VIEW, Etc.

From the "Observer."—A few weeks ago we dealt severely in these columns with the Vice of a Vicar. It is our unpleasant duty to devote the precious space at our disposal to-day to the Disgrace of a Dean. England can no longer hold her head proudly among the Nations of the Earth. Her Church, the very backbone of her strength and greatness, has been humiliated in the dust," etc., etc. (and a lot more besides).

In the House.—*Mr. Keir Hardie*: *24. To ask the Prime Minister whether his attention has been called to the illegal prize competitions promoted from the pulpit by the Dean of Durham, and whether in view of the universal public condemnation of the same he proposes to take any steps in the matter, and, if so, when and what.

Before the Hensley Henson Committee.—*Mr. Falconer:* "Had you the slightest grounds for these deliberate charges of gambling and vice which you made in your paper against Dr. Hensley Henson?"

Mr. Lawson: "Well, there were rumours going about."

Mr. Falconer: "Do you withdraw those charges now?"

Mr. Lawson: "Oh, yes. Unreservedly." (Days and days of this sort of thing.)

From the Press (*passim*).—Vile rumour has once more been laid by the heels, and we heartily congratulate Dr. Hensley Henson on the complete vindication of his character. The whole affair has been exceedingly painful. We are glad to say that whatever other journals may have believed or said, we ourselves never for one moment, etc., etc. (*ad nauseam*).

Everybody.—"*I* never believed a word of it, did you?"

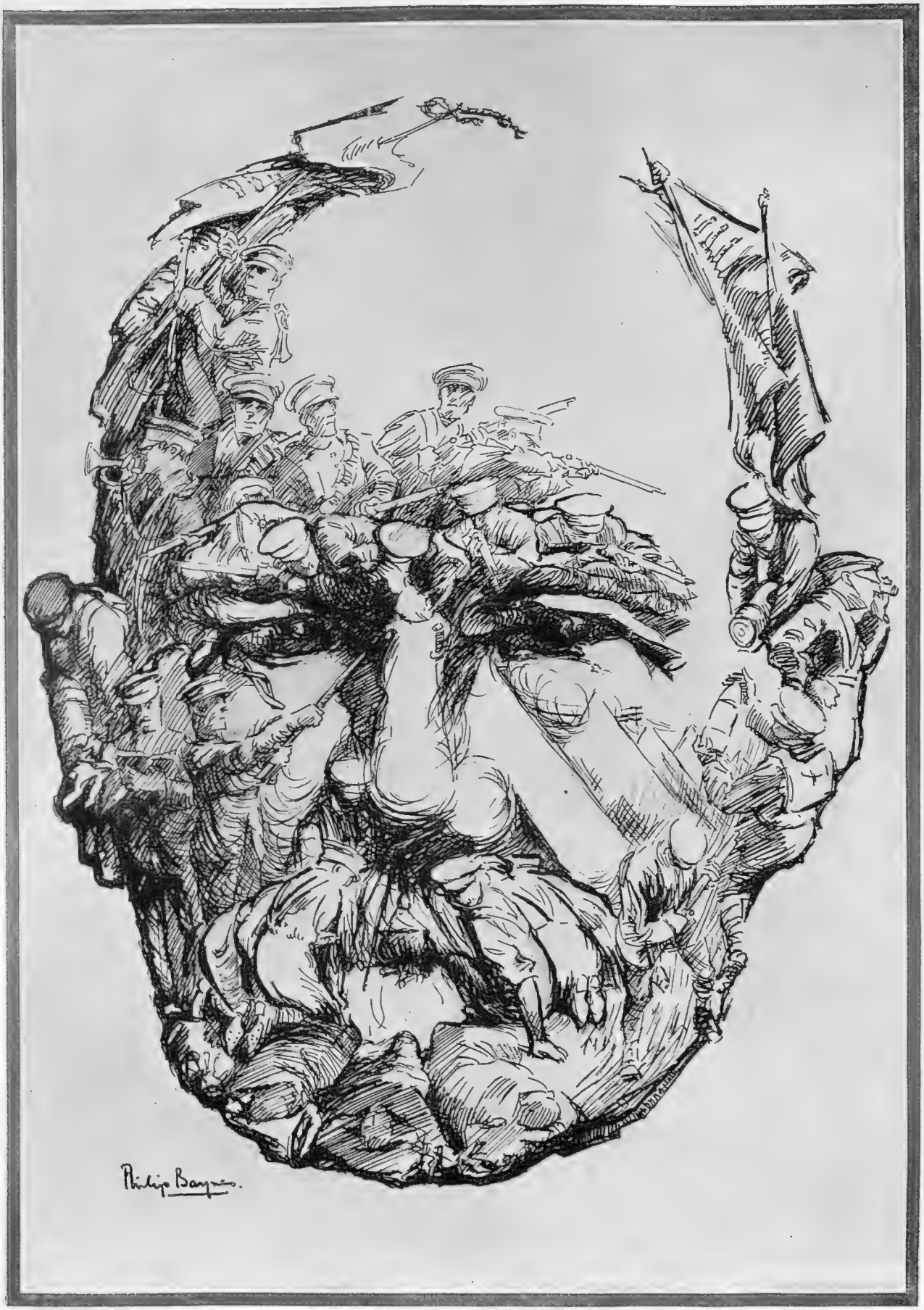
Everybody Else.—"Me? Why my wife's cousin's husband who *knows* the Dean told me," etc., etc.

THE REAL SOLDIERS (to little Johnny Bull): "Still playing with your toy soldiers, eh, little man? Wonder if you'll ever be a real one, like us!"

BY "PAT"

Mind-Reading at a Glance

LORD ROBERTS AS SEEN BY OUR OWN PHYSIOGNOMIST



"SHOULDER TO SHOULDER," OR WHAT THOSE LINES IN "BOBS" FACE MEAN

BY PHILIP BAYNES

The Bystander in PARIS

FRENCH THEATRE REHEARSAL JOYS

A Pleasant Afternoon

You know, of course, whither the young man's fancy turns in spring time, and I take it that is why there are rehearsals at so many of the Paris theatres just now. It is all very well to absorb war news with your morning coffee and fresh crescent. But after luncheon, in this foretaste of the year's beginnings, you are quite tired of serious matters, and at the rehearsal of a play in which you have no professional interest, is a very pleasant way of spending part of the afternoon.

Things Worth Knowing

Your real Parisian—a Parisian very Parisian as the gazetteers call him—has a nodding acquaintance with the stage door keepers of most of the Paris theatres. He knows that it is the proper thing to exchange a pinch of snuff and a pinch of politics with the stage door keeper at the Français. He knows that at the Odéon the stage door keeper is a Socialist, and that the proper thing to ask the one at the Palais Royal is for news of his daughter. He knows also that this is exactly what he must *not* ask the concierge at another theatre, and so forth and so on. He also knows his Paris well enough to remember that the concierges at the music halls have no opinion of the principals and that enquiries about *ces dames du chœur* (or *de cœur* if you prefer it) should be accompanied by a slight refresher slipped discreetly into the concierge's grimy palm. Knowing these things the Parisian very Parisian can vary his afternoons just now with a short visit to rehearsals of all kinds.

Toujours La Politesse

I don't know whether the reason of the change which has come over Paris rehearsals is due to the invasion of English dancers, or what it comes from, but it is an undoubted fact that producers in Paris have become a great deal more polite than they used to be. You may sit and watch even a music hall rehearsal for an hour or more now without hearing the manager address a lady or a group of ladies as "kind of a stinking sausage," or any such endearment. Of course the producer as we know him in London does not exist in Paris. He produces with the assistance of the manager of the theatre, the orchestral conductor, any stage hands who happen to be passing, the prompter, the star, the star's gentleman friend, a *commanditaire* or two who have friends in the chorus, and any stray

"The chorus eat sandwiches, and become more and more audible till it is their turn to sing, when the author goes mad"

journalists who happen to be in the house. They all call him "Mon cher ami," and argue with him hotly, but there is very rarely bloodshed.

Occasional Tears

Occasionally, of course, there are tears, but another woman's hat is more often the cause of them than anything inherent to the afternoon's work. The politeness is exquisite. The author producer runs his hands through his hair, claps his hands, turns his back to the house, leans against the iron curtain, and falls into the orchestra because the iron curtain isn't there. When he has been collected and several people have expressed the thoughts of their heart to several other people on the incident, the chief carpenter withdraws his resignation, and business begins. "Come then ladies and gentlemen," says the author to the principals, "Come then my little kittens," to the chorus. You will understand that here in the centre of the stage where the chalk is runs a brook. You will not walk in it but round it, for if you wash your feet your husbands and your wives will fail to recognise you."

A Purposeful Chuckle

Somebody chuckles (somebody who wants a larger part usually), and somebody else who remains invisible remarks audibly that the author is a "sacred pig of a badly polished." "Come then, the opening chorus. One, two, one two—where is that sacred piano?" cries the author. The lady who ought to be playing the piano comes out of a stage box from which the leading gentleman emerges presently trying to look as if he had been somewhere else. When the unpleasantness has subsided they get to work. Then two of the principals go through a scene *sotto voce*. Nobody but the prompter hears what they say (and *he* says most of it himself) and the author, after threatening to commit suicide and entreating his "dear friend" (the leading man) to be a little less of an "extinguished stove, name of a name," runs through the scene to show them. He plays the lead's part, the leading lady's part, the parts of the chorus, does a bit of the dances, and generally six times as much work as anybody else and five times more than is at all necessary.

The Chorus

The chorus eat sandwiches, and become more and more audible till it is their turn to sing when the author goes mad, says that unless he is deaf they are dumb and is told that they are all voiceless from overwork. He turns pleadingly to the manager. The manager begins to express his opinion of the morals, the dress, and the parentage of everybody present till his secretary appears with nineteen complicated sets of accounts from costumiers and scenic artists and somebody else with a letter demanding free tickets. This is the last straw. The manager becomes hysterical, tells the messenger exactly and forcibly what to say to the writer of the letter,

Beautiful, Certainly, But . . . ?

Photograph *S'Ora*

MME. THOMAS

The maker of the above charming portrait tells us that the lady is a well-known singer. We don't quite locate her in the world of music, but if with her beauty she really combines vocal talent, she is indeed blessed of the gods!

the chorus seize the opportunity to begin on a fresh supply of sandwiches and the author sits on the piano, takes out his watch, and declares that never to the great never shall we be ready on the 21st. An innocent journalist who knows no better departs to write up this fact in his paper.

A Wondrous Thing

Two of the principals pick a quarrel on their own, the noise they make reminds the author of their existence, and he suddenly determines to run through their scene. I have seen many of these quarrels, and even now I am always amazed at the ease with which two practised principals (still quarrelling fiercely under their breath) will go through an ecstatic love scene with smiles of intense devotion on their faces. A French rehearsal is a wondrous thing. Up to the very last minute it is chaos of the most chaotic. The later ones begin at two in the afternoon and finish at three in the morning. At three in the morning everything is all wrong. At nine o'clock the same evening the curtain rises on a perfect show. I don't know how it's done, I never shall know how it's done. Neither will anybody else. But in this country talent grows like gooseberries on every bush, and management existeth not. JOHN N. RAPHAEL

The Bystander IN BERLIN

A CASE OF INVERTED MORALS

Freakish Destiny

SOMETIMES the freakish destiny which guides our life mixes maliciously morals, sexes, and events. Then sorrow comes. The whimsical adventure of Herr law student Beichtmann with green-eyed cachinnatory Hedwig is sorrowful indeed.

The Man

Herr law student Beichtmann was son of rich Herr Commercial Councillor Beichtmann of Barmen. Hedwig was "general" (*Maedchen fuer Alles*) at Frau Widow Greiner's, where young Herr Beichtmann lodged. Herr Beichtmann was tall, big-nosed, noble, romantic, impassioned. Hedwig was round, innocent, love-hungry, materialistic—a typical *Berliner Maedl* with two hundred (marks) savings, and a wise ambition to spend a merry youth, and end up honestly as spouse of a *Solider Mann*.

The Woman

Frau Widow Greiner went out o' nights, left green-eyed Hedwig and high-nosed Herr Beichtmann alone. Herr Beichtmann smiled at Hedwig in his brave Barmen way, and Hedwig smiled back in her vital Berlin way. It developed. It always does develop when young, innocent impassioned pairs are left alone in the flat of a Frau landlady with the inexcusable habit of going out o' nights.

Philosophical Hedwig

Green-eyed Hedwig did not take it tragically when "the consequences" cost her her place. The *Berliner Maedl* never does take it tragically. She is bred in the Berlin principle that it is right and natural to have love and happiness before settling down in tedium with a *Solider Mann*. Had Herr law student Beichtmann not been raw from Barmen he would have honoured this sound metropolitan way, and taken his first love affair with the lightness of his first drunk. But unconscionable young Herr Beichtmann, raw from Barmen, took his love affair to heart.

FINDING RELIEF IN THE AIR

As a relief from his naval activities, the redoubtable Admiral von Tirpitz turns his attention to aerial navigation, and attends a review at the German Flying Field at Johannisthal, in company with the Prince Regent of Bavaria

A Weird Suggestion

Herr law student Beichtmann grew thinner. He asked himself questions; he had preposterous midnight talks with his conscience; he puzzled daily over his feelings towards Hedwig and towards the coming babe, and over his position in society, and his duty as an honest man. And early one day he entered Hedwig's modest dwelling, and made the suggestion which a *Berliner Maedl* inevitably treats with scorn. He suggested matrimony.

The Mother

Hedwig gasped. Then she grinned. "To go and get married! Treasure, you are joking! Surely you don't imagine that because we've had a little fun, because we've loved one another, we must therefore look seriously. . ." "You are the mother of my child," said Herr Beichtmann. "Under such circumstances marriage . ." "You make me laugh," interrupted Hedwig. "Some day probably I shall marry, but I shall marry somebody . . ." "You love anoth. . ." began tortured Herr Beichtmann. "Silly ass, I love only you," reassured Hedwig. "But not in that way. Why can't we be happy as we are?"

Apostolic Argument

Herr Beichtmann persisted. "I implore you to marry me. You are the mother, I am the father." "Give me a kiss," said impatient Hedwig, "and don't be a goose. Take me to Spreewald over Sunday." For ten minutes Herr Beitchmann argued apostolically, and then with a volley of "Marry me! Marry me! Marry me!" left the room. This continued. Herr Beichtmann remained amorous, earnest, conscience-struck, noble, resolved to legalise his shame. But green-eyed Hedwig each time asked for a kiss, and bid him not spoil her prospects of getting a *Solider Mann*.

Heiress—Countess—Duchess—

THE MATRIMONIAL PROGRESS OF JAY GOULD'S DAUGHTER

Photograph *Lemaire*

THE CHATEAU LE MARAIS (SEINE ET OISE)

Which the Prince and Princess de Sagan have given up to reside in Paris. On the left is a portrait of the Prince, otherwise the Duc de Talleyrand-Sagan

The marriage of Miss Anna Gould with Count Boni de Castellane has at last been annulled by the Vatican, though the divorce was granted in the civil courts some years ago. The lady's present name is the Duchesse de Talleyrand-Sagan. Above is a photograph of the Chateau Le Marais which they are announced to have given up in favour of a mere house in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne, where we have no doubt they manage to live pretty comfortably. The boy in the picture is, of course, the Duchess's son by her first marriage

"Marry Me"

On the 20th February, 1913, Herr Beichtmann tore into her room. His eyes and face were red; his hair dishevelled; his lips straight; his necktie crooked. Plainly the result of a night of vigil. "Do not betray me," he said imploringly, "Marry me! you are the mother. . ." "You take the little baby too seriously," said Hedwig. "You're tiring me. My prospects of settling down in life are being . . ." "Marry me!" screamed outraged Herr Beichtmann "Leave me alone!" said Hedwig. "I have done with you! You knew from the first that we were amusing ourselves—having a little fun—a little love. And now—she hesitated—"now you are turning our little fun into a ridiculous tragedy." "A tragedy be it!' exclaimed Herr law student Beichtmann.

The Tragedy

And he drew out a revolver and pointed it at his neck. Hedwig's green eyes paled. Herr Beichtmann lowered the muzzle, pulled the trigger, gave a gurgle which sounded comically like "Marry me!" and fell across a chair.

The Bystander on the RIVIERA

ONCE AGAIN HUNTING CELEBRITIES

System-Bitten

Mr. Winston Churchill continues at the time of writing to provide the Riviera with that of which there has been such a paucity this season—gossip. Some people say that he was seen in the Nice Casino wearing an opera hat; others declare that the decorative and charming Préfet of the Alpes Maritimes offered to call upon him, and that he declined the honour on the plea that he was "too busy." It is true that the Sporting Club at Monte can keep one very busy indeed, but I am disinclined to believe the latter report. M. de Joly was the friend of Queen Victoria as well as of King Edward. Mr. Churchill can scarcely have refused to shake hands with him. But there, you never know what you will do once you get system-bitten.

A Quiet Season

With Parliament at work again we are once more kept busy hunting for celebrities and killing but at rare intervals. The years are indeed many since there has been a quieter or a less interesting season. The maker of "copy" has the task allotted centuries ago to the Israelites. No one this winter "does anything." A better-behaved crowd than Riviera Society would be impossible of discovery. There have, so far, been but a couple of the mildest of scandals, a "row" scarcely worthy of mention, and a gambling "sensation" or two which required a good deal of imagination on the part of the reporter to work them into what I believe the American journalist aptly calls "stories." Not a single aviator has succeeded, up till now, in destroying himself; we have been absolutely without one duel, and I have only heard of one projected divorce of quite a banal type.

WINNERS OF THE MONTE CARLO TOURNAMENT

Mr. A. F. Wilding and Mrs. Crossfield, winners of the Singles in the Monte Carlo Tennis Tournament

A Good Story

The best "story" I have heard for weeks down here concerns a celebrity who has the reputation of Marc Antony and likes supping late o' nights. The other day he was lunching with some friends and arranging a list of guests for a projected dinner party in celebration of a bet made and won. The list was duly drawn up and included one whom for courtesy's sake I will call Jones, though he is better known under another title. "When," enquired one of the lunchers of his host, "are you going to give this dinner?" "Not," replied the entertainer, "until Jones gets down here, which will not be until the end of the month." The luncheon party broke up, the host having to leave for Nice. His guests strolled slowly down to the Casino, and on the steps whom should they meet but the very Jones in question. "What!" cried they in unison, "You down here, why Blank just told us that you wouldn't be here till the end of the month." "Who told you?" replied Jones. "Blank," came the answer. "Well, upon my soul," returned Jones, "that beats everything. Why I had supper with him last night." And, if a true story was ever told, I have told one now!

The Great Carpentier

By the time these lines see print the great Carpentier—Gunther fight will have been fought and won, I suppose, by one of them. In the meanwhile, it is amusing to hear the comments that are being made on the contest. In one day I have heard that Carpentier must beat Gunther, that Gunther cannot fail to beat Carpentier, that Gunther has been "got at," that the fight will never take place, and so on, and so on, and so on. Yet I dare swear that no American "press-agent" has been at work, or even a French one. The interest our friends of the *entente cordiale* take in boxing is veritably amazing. In England one hears boxing gossip by chance; in France you have to hide yourself to avoid it. Yet the average Frenchman's knowledge of the noble art of self-defence is exceedingly limited, and it must be confessed that he is anything but an ideal spectator of a fight. At any rate, he is generally anything but impartial.

We Offer No Prize

BUT CAN ANY READER DISTINGUISH BETWEEN THESE AND THE INNUMERABLE PHOTOGRAPHS ALREADY PUBLISHED OF INNUMERABLE MUSICAL PLAYS?

Was this the scene in *Oh! Oh! Delphine* that evoked the cries of "Censor" upon the first night at the Shaftesbury Theatre? And if so, why?

Photographs *Foulsham and Banfield*

The usual group of the usual girls round the usual comedian—another scene from London's latest musical comedy success, *Oh! Oh! Delphine*, at the Shaftesbury Theatre

THE LOOK OF THINGS

FROM A BYSTANDER'S POINT OF VIEW

"ALL through the spring and summer," says the *Sunday Times*, "Ministeralists must keep watch and ward, ever dreading a surprise." Can't you picture Mr. McKenna, for example, getting so nervy that he has to draw Colonel Seely aside and say, "Look here, old chap, I can't stand any more surprises. If you'll promise not to say or do anything surprising, I'll back you up to the best of my ability. And you know what that is?"

* * *

And can't you picture Colonel Seely agreeing, and, perhaps, adding, "If our lot are pledged not to surprise one another, I don't think we need be afraid of Bonar Law. . . . But what about Winston?"

* * *

Unionists, by the way, are saying that while Colonel Seely answers for the Army, one can not only sleep safely in one's bed, but one is pretty safe to sleep without even going to bed.

* * *

The future of the Crystal Palace is once more under consideration. Our only wonder all along has been why, with the vast funds at their disposal, the Suffragettes have not acquired this admirably suitable structure as a practise-ground for the hammer and stone-throwing section.

* * *

A contemporary has made the discovery that red-haired women never remain spinsters. Loath as we are to contribute to the dreadful flood of literature dealing with the subject of How to Quell the Militants, we feel it our duty to point out that if all militant spinsters were compelled to dye their hair red there would be just a chance, anyway, of the movement faltering.

* * *

Despatches from Los Angeles state that Mrs. Clara Baldwin Stocker appeared at the Grand Opera House "gowned in a gorgeous *décolleté* dress decorated with gems valued at £72,700." Rather a nuisance having to get a valuer in every time you start for an opera, but no doubt it is quite the thing at Los Angeles.

All attempts to grow corn from wheat grains discovered in the tombs of Egyptian mummies have—says *Knowledge*—failed. What with this and the bakers' strike, it looks very much as though bread will soon become dearer.

* * *

"Like all famous men," says an American paper, "Professor Woodrow Wilson has his favourite flower, and no doubt it will soon become popular." Not if it is "Wild Bryan-y."

* * *

"Boys in schools all over France are sending signed memorials to the Government saying that they will gladly spend three years in barracks, since the interests of national defence require this sacrifice." This shows a fine spirit, even if some of the little chaps are not able to do simple addition as yet.

* * *

It is curious how patriotic school-boys can be. We have known many who would gladly—at that age—have spent their lives as sailors, firemen, or even dustmen, but, somehow, the impulse faded later.

* * *

One of the proposals for "brightening" cricket is that batsmen intercepting a ball on its way to the wicket with either leg should be declared out. There is something in this idea, but one cannot help thinking that even more thrills than this might be imparted to this ancient game. Why not, for instance, declare that man out who intercepts a ball on its way to the wicket with his head? And allow bowlers to shy?

* * *

An American professor has killed his laundryman, alleging as an excuse "the unwritten law." If he gets off, and it is shown that the unwritten law also justifies the murder of tailors, organ-grinders, plumbers, and income-tax collectors, there should be a considerable emigration to the States shortly.

* * *

"In the autumn"—according to the Central News—"the Crown Prince of Germany will succeed to the command of the Alexander Regiment of Grenadiers at Berlin." Influenza permitting?

THIS WEEK'S CHESTNUT

MOTHER: "Tommy, a little bird tells me you helped yourself to cake while I was out"
TOMMY (aside): "I'll wring that bloomin' parrot's neck!"

By Harold C. Earnshaw

Unlimited!

NUT NO. 1: "Well, dear boy, I've got a bally job at last!"
NUT NO. 2: "Have you? In what incapacity?"

BY GLADYS LYNE

LONDON NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENTS

Miss Marie Tempest's New Play

BY "JINGLE." ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

THOMAS CARLYLE is said to have charged a friend with having a mind like a kangaroo: it could never stay long in one place, but was for ever on the hop. Mr. William Gordon Edwards manifests something of this kangaroo-like propensity in the play he has written for Miss Marie Tempest. He does not dwell sufficiently long upon a character or a situation to enable it to leave a distinct impression behind it. Even the principal character, that of Lady Wetheral, *The Handful*, is but a dim and hazy creation at the best, and it is the author's good luck that Miss Marie Tempest is there to give it a happy coherence by the delightful art that is peculiarly her own. On the other hand, speaking, as it were, for the defence, m'lud, Mr. Edwards has a pretty wit, and I for one would rather see an amusing play than a play that is just technically correct—and nothing more. And—speaking now merely as a man and a brother—so say all of us!

Just as the immortal Peter Pan declined to grow up, so does Lady Wetheral decline to grow—middle-aged. After all, it is the aim of everyone of us to cling to our departing youth as long as possible. For my own part I insist that I am grey prematurely—and some people are kind enough to believe me. Lady Wetheral's difficulty, however, is that she has a grown-up son and daughter, whose claims to maturity are obviously affected by their mother's unreasonable youthfulness, which the calendar most uncharitably declines to endorse. Tom is twenty, and Joyce is eighteen (at those ages we do not mind being considered a little older than we really are); but what is the use of a girl protesting that she is grown-up when her mother absolutely declines to look a day older than thirty-five? Besides, Lady Wetheral, who has the devastating advantage of being a grass-widow, is very popular with the eligible young men who flirt with her when they should be paying attentions, *pour le bon motif*, to her daughter Joyce. So keenly do Tom and Joyce feel their position that they take their mother into a corner one afternoon, and tell her plainly that it is time she recognised the responsibility of her years.

Lady Wetheral at once sees the justice of her children's argument. She decides to efface herself. To be sure, she does it gracefully. For instance, she selects an obscure village on the Devonshire coast as her future residence, but she goes there accompanied by all her most Parisian frocks and frills, in case, as she artlessly puts it, anyone else should be effacing himself—that is to say, of course, herself—in the same obscure spot. As it happens, the inn at which Lady Wetheral "descends," as our French friends say, is also favoured by Richard Stern, a genial crank who has gone there to live the simple life—the world forgetting, by the world forgot, as that frivolous young fellow, Alexander Pope, once remarked. There are historians who have not hesitated to assert that the trouble in Eden would never have arisen if Eve had had a reasonable choice of partners, and, like Eve, Lady Wetheral is obliged to take what is in the shop window, as it were. Richard Stern has at least one quality in common with his father Adam: he does not concern himself with Woman until she comes running after him. He is, in fact, by way of being a misogynist to begin with; but he has a very poor chance of escaping from the grip of so expert a siren as Lady Wetheral. It is understood, of course, that the friendship between the two is entirely Platonic; for with all her faults Lady Wetheral plays a fair game. Her vanity requires a fresh victim, and he must be secured; that is

Tom and Joyce putting the case for the younger generation to their ever-charming mother, Lady Wetheral (Miss Marie Tempest)

"THE HANDFUL"

PRINCE OF WALES THEATRE

The new play at the Prince of Wales' Theatre mainly concerns a lady (Lady Wetheral) who obstinately refuses to grow even middle-aged, her two resentful adult children, Tom and Joyce, and a genial crank, one Stern, who all but succumbs first to the charms of Lady Wetheral, and second to an attack of cramp while bathing. He is saved from both fates by the timely intervention of Joyce, whom he subsequently marries—naturally

all. He is a man all for the clean life of the open air—what is, I believe, usually known as plain living and high thinking. Lady Wetheral is a little disappointed to learn even so much of her new victim. To begin with, his inveterate habit of ventilation makes the parlour of the inn an intolerably draughty place; and his high ideals come quite as a surprise to her because she had always entertained the notion that enthusiasts of his way of thinking were all for "fresh air and free love." The author gets off a great number of happy "little things" like this during the evening with conspicuous success.

In order to make her victim the more secure Lady Wetheral pretends to adopt the tenets of the apostles of the simple life. Before any result can accrue from Lady Wetheral's astute strategy her son and daughter arrive on the scene. It happens that Stern, the simple liver, is on the point of setting out for his morning bath; and as Joyce is one of the right kind of modern girls to whom the outdoor life is the only life that counts, she accepts the offer of Stern's escort to the water. Shortly after that something happens. While in the sea Stern is attacked by cramp, and Joyce, with a skill and strength that are little short of miraculous, to judge from the account given us, holds him up in the water until help arrives. Whatever the magnitude of the performance may have been, however, it appeals with irresistible force to such a lover of the primitive qualities as Stern; and, as we all know, anyone who rescues anyone else from drowning is required by all the canons of tradition to marry his or her preserver in due course. This happy event, therefore, serves a useful purpose by withdrawing Stern from the fascinations of Lady Wetheral, thus leaving the lady free to resume relationship with her lawful husband. I think, in spite of the very sketchy nature of the play, it is an entertainment that the public will like. JINGLE

MATTERS MUSICAL

COVENT GARDEN, MOZART, AND A BOOK

The Neglected Mozart

THE Directorate of Covent Garden has just issued a list of the Operas to be performed during the summer. Frankly, with the exception of some Wagner, it is not exhilarating. But among the Italian operas one seems to have slipped in almost by mistake, to wit *Don Giovanni* by Mozart, a composer who, as Opera patrons may perhaps know, is at least the equal of Puccini and Wolf-Ferrari! Now a few weeks ago a distinguished musical historian also issued one of the most admirable books on Mozart ever written. Among many other interesting things this book ("Mozart's Operas," by E. J. Dent. Chatto and Windus, 12s. 6d.) contains three chapters on *Don Giovanni* which show conclusively that the Opera has usually been approached in quite the wrong spirit—especially at Covent Garden—both by producers and audiences, that it is a comic opera, that it requires a small theatre and a perfect knowledge of 18th century manners and conventions to do it justice.

Does it Pay?

Now I suppose it is quite useless to expect such great people as those who direct the fortunes of Covent Garden to pay attention to musical historians, much less musical critics. But I would venture to appeal to them on quite other grounds. Does Mozart pay as produced at present? Do people really go and hear him? In short, are their methods commercially sound? From past experience I should decidedly say not.

At a Smaller Theatre

Yet there is nothing inherent in *Don Giovanni* to make it less of a success than, shall we say, *The Girl of the Golden West*. On the contrary, the Opera is successful in Germany, and when, as at the Paris Opera Comique last year, the presentation of it is really intelligent, it can be one of the greatest successes of the season. So why do not the mandarins of Covent Garden remove it from the repertory of an Opera House far too large and try a new experiment? Why, indeed, should they not wax very bold, take another theatre for a fortnight, and run a series of Mozart performances? With Mr. Dent's admirable book to guide them they would have every facility for producing, say, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, *Così Fan Tutti*, and *Die Zauberflöte* in a proper manner. They need not interrupt their ordinary performances. They have the singers, they have the money, they have the social support necessary to make the scheme a success. After all there is nothing so very new about the idea. At Munich Mozart is played in the Residenz Theatre and not at the large Opera House. Why should not Covent Garden co-operate with Mr. Granville Barker and produce the Operas at the Savoy Theatre? There has never, so far as I know, been a really good performance of any one of them in London. Yet many English people pay considerable sums to go and see them decently done elsewhere. Are we really to suppose that they would not support any management that took the trouble to provide the same thing at home, where there are no hotel bills to be paid?

A Splendid Book

However, I am not optimistic. I fear the idea sounds too artistic to be popular with "business men." But those of us who love Mozart have at least one consolation: We can read Mr. Dent's book and imagine how jolly it would be to see the Operas performed as he describes them. We can renew our acquaintanceship with Mozart, introduce ourselves to the fascinating Lorenzo da Ponte, and take off our hats to the amazing Giesecke, who was responsible for the Freemasonry of "The Magic Flute," lived seven and a half years in Greenland, and achieved a portrait by Raeburn. And then we can swear at Covent Garden again, which is always a popular pastime for musicians!

FRANCIS TOYE

AN EASTER EGG
By Rene Bull

Love Me, Love My Dogs

Four lucky dogs and a maiden gay
All out a-walking on a day,
Soon there's "Another" will pass that way
— Luckier dog!

By Batcher

EASTER ON THE

Afternoon Tea in a Mediterranean Garden of Eden—with more than the

ITALIAN RIVIERA

e orthodox number of Eves (and an Adam or two in the background)

The Home Ruler

A Toype that's Thruly Oirish, begorra!

By J. Crowys Rich'rds

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WATTS

Thoughts in the Jury Box

BY A BYSTANDER AMONG THE TWELVE

I HAD never been called on before, and believe I shouldn't have been this time but for the fact that the village coal merchant, whose name immediately precedes mine in the local list of rate-payers—just the right sort of man to have sat on a jury—had influenza. As a result, a certain youth, who shall be nameless, instead of being in prison on a charge of never mind what, is now out and about, and, I expect, doing it again. I think I got him off. And justly, on the evidence, I swear by this copy of THE BYSTANDER.

I went to the Court with an inflexible determination to have the better of the Law. It had deliberately torn me out of the pages of one week's issue of THE BYSTANDER, by compelling my absence from my desk during the days whereon the bulk of the issue goes to press. There are places of retreat at which a journalist *can* do his journalistic duty, but an Assize Court of a county town is not among these. Once seated in that Court, you are within the system of the law, and, as they say of a man about to be hanged, it concentrates your mind wonderfully. For you, there is no outer world at all.

The Omnipotent is the Judge; the company of angels—admirably disguised—are the Counsel, and the elect among the creatures of earth are the members of the Grand Jury, who face the Bench, and comprise the *élite* of the county—the feudalists on whom Mr. George has his eye. Every name, nearly, is titled, including "Esquire," which in this connection has its traditional meaning.

When the Grand Jury has been charged, the Common Jurors are called. But changed is the tone of the Associate as he descends from the sublime to the ridiculous. No "Esquires" are we; and if he doesn't hear us reply to our comparatively humble-sounding names, he mutters things below his breath. Once inside the box, however, all sense of your commonness vanishes. You feel that you really matter, and that in your hands, after all, lies a very important responsibility—the fate of your fellow-creatures.

The law, as represented by the learned Judge, clearly enough believed the prisoner—the man I got off—hadn't a leg to stand upon. The case against him was clear. When he took his seat in the dock, he raised his hand and said he wanted legal aid. The Judge looked annoyed, and muttered something I didn't hear. Then, from among counsel, stepped forth a young man with a pleasant face. "I—er—haven't read the brief, m'lord—er, but I'm willing to take it up." Meaning that the young barrister, hardly even knowing who the man was or what charged with, was perfectly ready at a moment's notice to devote all his gifts of speech and reason to proving, if necessary, black to be white, and two and two to make five.

Marvellous!

The Judge handed him the brief. Might counsel have time to study it? Well, if he thought it worth while. "But," said his lordship, rather grimly,

"If he doesn't hear us reply to our comparatively humble-sounding names, he mutters things below his breath"

THOUGHTS IN THE JURY BOX (continued)

"don't be too long over it. The more you examine it, the less you'll like it." (Laughter.)

Clearly, thought we of the Jury, the young man, who had a fair honestish face, was as good as sentenced. Counsel for the defendant appeared in five minutes, saying he was ready, and the case went on. From prosecuting counsel's address, and from evidence called, there was, I am sure, not the shadow of a doubt in one of our twelve honest minds—and mine was quite honest, I assure you, that day—that the man had done it. We regarded the young counsel for the

"The Jury began to waver. Slowly it dawns on our mind that, though the young fellow is probably guilty, the prosecution hasn't quite made out its case"

defence with mingled pity and amusement, and the prospect of seeing his mind on a tight-rope compensated me partly for the annoyance I had suffered by being called. It might, after all, have been no more amusing at a variety theatre.

Then enter the Demon Doubt. The principal witness, who had seemed so certain that the prisoner was the man, was subjected to a process of mystification. It was kindly suggested that there were other men on the premises who might have done it, and that the prisoner's defence, which contained several new and quite unexpected facts, was at least as likely to be true in the eyes of the Jury as that of the witness. He had borne a blameless character. To have done what he was accused of doing would not only have been criminal, but amazingly, incredibly stupid. Why had he chosen, as his first experiment in crime, something for which he had never previously shown the slightest inclination? Why had he tried it on a victim within five minutes' walk of his own place of employment?

'No, sir, I only took nine pounds—that's all there was in the till'

Why hadn't he run away when he knew he was suspected, instead of remaining on the premises? And so on and so forth.

The Jury began to waver. (When a Juryman wavers, he looks his neighbour full in his true and honest face, purses his lips, and raises his eyebrows.) Slowly it dawns on the mind that, though the young fellow is probably guilty, the prosecution hasn't quite made out its case. There is one youth's word against the prisoner's. Both may be lying, and one probably is. But who, before heaven, is to be sure which?

The Judge addresses us. Clearly his lordship himself is of the same opinion as he was at the start. All he has to say in favour of the prisoner is that he has borne a good character so far, and he tells us we are quite at liberty, if there is doubt, to give him the benefit of it.

We don't retire. To tell the truth, we have a horrible fear of leaving that box. Once out of it, the other twelve true and honest ones will get in, and we shall r e n d e r ourselves liable to be called on t h e morrow. We are, as one m a n, t h e r e fore, disposed to settle the case where we sit. We consult. Juryman A says "Guilty." Juryman B "Not Guilty." Juryman C "Guilty." Juryman D "Not Guilty." Opinion seems e v e n l y divided.

Hadn't we better take a vote on it, suggests one of us?

"A young man with a pleasant face. Perfectly ready at a moment's notice to prove, if necessary, black to be white, and two and two to make five"

Wait a minute, suggests the writer! It isn't a question of our personal opinion. It's a question of the facts. Has the prosecution, or has it not, proved the case? It has produced only one man to say the prisoner actually did the deed. True, that man is likely enough to be right, for there seems no earthly reason why he *should* have made the mistake. He, too, seems honest enough, and he is a stranger to the prisoner. But he *may* have made it, and there you are—the Benefit of the Doubt, don't you know!

That seems to influence the majority of the twelve minds, and accordingly we agree on a verdict of "Not Guilty"—to the apparent annoyance of Judge and the considerable astonishment of the young barrister who had rushed in at the last moment, and the no less considerable amusement of his learned brothers.

(Continued on page 612)

A Type of American Import

AGAINST WHICH NO TARIFF IS DESIRED

Photograph *Bassano*

MISS RENE PARKER

The charming young American actress and singer, who has just arrived in this country, and is making a big hit at the Alhambra in "Kill that Fly"

THOUGHTS IN THE JURY BOX (*concluded*)

That is the only verdict I helped to give, for the remainder of the cases during my session were pleas of guilty. Psychologically these were the most interesting.

If what happened at my Assizes happens every time in every other county town—and I see no reason to suppose my county to be wickeder than any other—there is this great fact to be stated, and that is that hundreds of young men, well-fitted to fill the ranks of the defensive forces of their country, are filling our gaols instead. I saw sent to prison in one afternoon a dozen such men. The charges were theft, or burglary. The prisoners stood up, one after the other, manfully, fearlessly, and in some cases smilingly. They heard the recital of their crimes without a tremor, or a flush of shame. On the contrary. In most cases a smile as of pride flickered over their faces.

"To the considerable astonishment of the young barrister, who had rushed in at the last moment"

Here is one fragment which sticks in my memory:

JUDGE: "On the 20th, you stole jewellery from the house of Mrs. A . . ."

PRISONER: "Yessir."

JUDGE: "And on the 28th you broke into the house of Mr. B. . . . and removed spoons and forks and table silver?"

PRISONER: "That's right, sir."

JUDGE: "And on the 7th you stole fourteen pounds from the cash-box of Mr. C. . . ."

PRISONER: "No, sir."

JUDGE: "You did not steal fourteen pounds?"

PRISONER: "No, sir. Nine pounds, sir." (*Smiling.*) "That's all there was in the till." (*Laughter.*)

The rest of the charges were accurate, and, evidently pleased with the effect of his humour on the Court, he smiled for the rest of the case, even when sentenced, and was removed quite pleased with himself.

It was the same with the others.

No one other appeared in the least *ashamed* of the position in which he was placed.

What does it mean? Is it the experience of other Jurymen to see similar exhibitions of amused indifference? And, if so, what is the real reason of it? The youths were all of them a little below or a little over twenty, the age at which they might be serving honestly in the Army. Is it the fact that they begin to fall into the ways of vice and crime out of a spirit of mere mischief, and the horrors of prison, once tasted, lose their power to frighten? When "out," honest employment is difficult to get, so the youth again tries his hand, with greater experience based on hints derived from his fellow-gaolbirds, perhaps with greater success. After his second term, he is hopeless, and knows it, and is thenceforth at war with the police, and in for the career of a criminal.

It is easy to talk of reclamation. But the suggestion of one who has served for the first time as a Common Juryman is: Reclaim him before he begins!

CONSUMER —AND— PRODUCER

An Easter morning study from two points of view

Cairo's "Royal Garden Party"

LORD KITCHENER ENTERTAINS ANGLO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY

Of course we all know that Lord Kitchener is a host in himself in the military sense, but he seems hardly less successful in the social sphere. Certainly Cairo has "gone ahead" wonderfully under his auspices; we suspect that the decline of sedition—rather a hard word, perhaps, to apply to those, who after all are only too zealous for their own country—is due more to his reputed severity than his acknowledged sense of justice

" Ashes of roses these—and yet
They are the things that I regret."
—Ballad of Villon's Repentance

PARIS on the first of June!

Paris at play in the Luxembourg Gardens at four o'clock in the afternoon, with all the fountains throwing up a rainbow shower, and the sunlight flickering on the trees behind the statue of the dancing Pan.

Alan Ferris, novelist and playwright, sat smoking cigarettes and dreaming, close to the Marie de Medici fountain, and thanking all his gods for clean air and sunshine and a spot in which his jaded mind and tired body could find rest.

Three days ago he had left London behind him, the grey city of the Philistines that he had grown to hate, for there his days were spent in the production of those "bread-and-butter stories," as he called them, by which he lived. Alan Ferris wrote real stories, too, beautiful stories that were seldom published. Lately he had never even taken the trouble to show them to any editor. His readers always wanted the same judicious mixture of sensation and religion. For the real life stories they had no use.

They were always the same, more or less, these serial stories that his public bought and devoured so eagerly, and which he loathed with all the concentrated energies of heart and mind and soul.

The plot varied, of course, a trifle, the setting might be a little different, but even in details the readers of *Winter's Weekly* were conservative. There was always the virtuous heroine (English in blood and bone and not too afflicted with brains), a hero, clean, muscular, and bent on doing his duty however uncomfortable it might make other people; and an adventuress, vaguely described as "foreign," and always swarthy as to colouring, who, by way of a set-off against having no virtues, was always allowed ravishing clothes and boots. Being wicked, she was never by any chance of English growth.

Sometimes the fatal third would be a fiend of the masculine sex, addicted to slouch hats and too many cigarettes, and the possessor of a private *cuisine*, in which the principal ingredients were nitric acid and gunpowder.

There were always many complications and delays before the lovers were finally allowed to unite themselves in the village church or a registry office; but the main point must be the same—a happy ending.

Ferris had touched hands with life, and he knew that happy endings are more rare than blue diamonds.

The people that one met drifted into one's life and out again.

He pushed back his hat and frowned at the sun, and lit another cigarette, thinking how good it was to be able to think in peace for a few moments.

The rustling of a dress, the scrape of an iron chair being dragged over the gravel, made him look up.

The girl who had taken the seat next him leant back, crossing her feet in high-heeled shoes, and stared at him with bold, yet sombre, eyes.

In spite of her fashionable make-up, dead-white face and vermilion-coloured lips, she was obviously not Parisian. Her hair was black and coarse, her features harsh, but the dark eyes were magnificent, and the full sulky mouth looked as if it could express every shade of passion.

She was as thin as a lath, her clothes, though well-cut, hung loosely upon her, and her movements had the grace of an animal or a trained dancer.

Ferris took out his cigarette, and watched her under lowered eyelids. He was keenly conscious of her vivid personality, and wished to study her without being seen himself.

Lisette pushed her chair a little further back, dug a hole in the gravel with one of her preposterous heels, and hummed a tune between her teeth.

Under her thick eyebrows that met above her eyes and gave her an Egyptian look, she glanced again at her neighbour.

He must be an Englishman, she decided, because he looked so clean. Still, he was a type she did not know. He was not in the least like the Englishman of the "Le Rire" caricatures, he of the loud check suit, enormous moustache, hob-nailed boots, and pipe; nor the anæmic dissipated youths who come over for a week-end to "see life" in Paris and drift into the Bal Bullier.

This man's face was clear-cut and clean-shaven. His cheeks were hollow, and the strong sunlight revealed the lines of work and weariness. His lower jaw was long and obstinate, and the mouth, though sensitive, had a touch of hardness and repression. Something about him suggested the fighter, the champion of lost causes.

Lisette could not see his eyes, but she felt that they would be kind eyes, probably blue. All Englishmen had blue eyes, she supposed. He was good-looking, and she liked good-looking men, naturally! His clothes, too, fitted well, and seemed to belong to him.

Lisette furled her scarlet sunshade with a sudden restless jerk, and laid it across her knees. She wished he would speak to her, look at her, do something, not sit there like a stone image, staring at the stupid fountain.

Lisette was in an evil mood. Moreover, she was bored. She had danced too long at the Bal Bullier last night, and she had quarrelled with her latest lover. Men! Bah! She hated them all, and she hated her life. The sun was too hot, and made her head ache, and her shoes hurt her.

Angry tears rose up and glistened in her eyes. To

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

Two's Company, Three's None

A Study in Wool: By W. J. B. Blake

her Southern temperament all emotions came easily, tears or laughter or kisses.

She sprang up suddenly, dropping the scarlet sunshade at the Englishman's feet.

He started, picked it up, and returned it with a little bow.

"Pardon, madame."

The great animal eyes stared back at him. "Merci, monsieur. I was wishing you would speak to me. I thought you were English."

"I am, Mademoiselle."

They were both standing up now, and facing each other. He was taller than she by a head, curiously graceful for a man, Lisette's quick eye noticed. His voice, too—charming, and far too quiet and musical for an Englishman. All the Anglais she had known had bellowed when they spoke and laughed in a stupid way at nothing.

For the first time in her life Lisette was embarrassed. She felt instinctively that in this man there was something that the other men (the men of her world) did not possess. Fiercely she called herself an idiot. He had done what she wanted, he had spoken to her, he had given her the honourable title of madame. And here she stood like a *pensionnaire* out of a convent, voiceless and stupid.

It was Ferris who spoke first. He drew forward her chair, and put it close to his own.

"Won't you sit down and talk to me?"

Lisette looked at him again, shrugged, and subsided.

"What are you doing here?" she asked brusquely. "You are not of the English type that amuses itself in Paris."

He smiled up into her lowering eyes. "No? Perhaps I do amuse myself all the same, though it's not in the Cook's tourist fashion. I came here to find ideas, to rest, to laugh a little, perhaps, and to see some beautiful things."

"*Tiens!*" Lisette's thin shoulders expressed surprise and doubt, as well as her voice. "Are you a painter, then, a sculptor?"

"No. . . . But once I dreamt of making beautiful things. I still try to occasionally. More often I make ugly things that I hate. I am an author, mademoiselle.

Lisette stared. "You must be an imbecile! All men who write starve."

Her companion laughed a little whimsically. "I don't starve. That's the trouble. If I did I should do good work. And you, mademoiselle?"

"You with your ceremonies! They call me Lisette in the Quartier."

"Lisette, then. Are you, perhaps, a student, an artist?"

"An artist in pleasure, yes!"

She flung out the words defiantly. "I live in an attic near Les Halles—and spend my evenings at the Café d'Harcourt. Does that tell you anything?"

"Yes," the man answered simply. "Won't you stay and talk to me a little longer?"

"And waste my time, eh? If you are not here for pleasure, I am. That's all I exist for, you know."

"I am, as you say, an imbecile, but I understand." He had risen too, and stood looking down at her. "When shall I see you again?"

"Why do you want to see me again?"

"Because I want a story (not one of the kind I hate), and you can give it to me if you will, if you are kind."

"*Ma foi! Vous en avez du toupet, vous!*" Lisette added other and unprintable things in the argot of Montmartre. The man watched her steadily. He looked a little amused, which made her even more furious. "What do I care about your idiotic stories?"

"Nothing, naturally! Why should you? Well, when can I see you again?"

Lisette snatched at her sunshade and whirled round, speaking over her shoulder.

"To-night at the Café d'Harcourt."

"Very well." He took off his hat, and stood watching her out of sight.

Inside the Café d'Harcourt the music sang and throbbed. The orchestra was composed of violins and 'cellos, played by half a dozen young girls dressed simply in white skirts and blouses.

In and out among the tables a neatly dressed woman in black moved quietly, offering a basket of long-stalked moss roses. Her hair was smoothly banded, and when she spoke her face was irradiated by the pathetic smile of a Madonna.

Ferris took a single rose from her basket, and handed the seller of flowers a franc, and received in exchange the smile he coveted. It was early yet, and the place was still quiet. Monsieur the proprietor came in and talked affably. He hated *les Anglais* as a rule, but this particular Anglais had a charming courtesy, and it was plain to see that he was happy to be in Paris.

Girls came in arm in arm, preening themselves like birds as they walked, and glancing from side to side with bold eyes in search of a cavalier. All were young, and all used the same crude make-up that Lisette used.

The dead-white powder, the vermilion on the lips; the kohl smeared under the eyes, was even less becoming under the hard glare of the electric lights. None of the girls looked happy, but all were extraordinarily unselfconscious.

Lisette came swinging up the room at last, a man on either side of her.

She wore a pale-pink dress that showed every line of her figure, slim as a boy's, and her hair was crowned by a white hat grotesquely large and haloed by a forest of nodding plumes.

Lisette adored this particular hat, for, like herself, it possessed a history. A former friend of hers and now a rival in the half-world, named Lola, had attracted one of her lovers. Lisette had not cared for him, but she meant to have something in exchange, so she had looted the Maxim hat and worn it in triumph.

She considered it a perfectly adequate exchange, for the lover had bored her, whereas the hat gave her unqualified pleasure every time she put it on.

She saw Ferris at once, and gave him a quick nod that set all her plumes waving afresh. He waited quietly to see what she would do, but Lisette had quite made up her mind, and was actively engaged in dismissing her escort.

As she turned her back on him and snapped her fingers, Ferris heard him say, "You are mad."

"He is, apparently," Lisette called back. "We shall make a fine pair, *hein?*"

She slid into a chair and leaned her elbows on the table.

"A nice animal that," she said in her rough, throaty voice. "Order me a *cerises, mon ami.*"

When she had drunk a little of it she said abruptly: "You're not English. You can't be."

(Continued on page 618)

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PRINCE CHARLIE

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(Continued from page 616)

"Why not?"

"You say you are not here for pleasure. Then I thought all the rest of you were what you call 'respectable.'"

"I hope I'm not respectable, Lisette."

"No, or you would not want to come here and sit and talk to me."

"Yes, for you are going to tell me a story."

"I? Pouf!" She made a gesture of one who waves something away, and stormed on. "Your countrymen who come over here to learn our vices without our wit are not content to sit talking to a girl of the Café d'Harcourt and the Bal Bullier."

Ferris blew away a cloud of smoke. "Aren't they? But I am, as you said, an imbecile, Lisette, and what other people did never worried me much."

She scanned his face hard, frowning, and Ferris heard her mutter to herself, "I have seen you before. Where is it?"

"Tell me your story, Lisette," he said. "Why do you live like—like this?"

The black eyes blazed swift fire. "Why? You ask that? Why do you write your stupid stories, *hein*? Because you must live, because you want money, is it not so? Well, I too, I want to live, I want pretty dresses and hats, and music and theatres. We both earn our livings, and I do not ask you *why*."

"I beg your pardon, Lisette," Ferris answered gently. "You are right. Of course you want pretty dresses and things."

Lisette's teeth were pressed down hard on the red mouth. What a strange man! She had never heard anyone speak like that before. She felt vaguely ashamed and subdued, yet why should she? What had he said, after all? He had merely agreed with her.

"You are happy?" Ferris went on.

"Happy? *Ma foi!* What questions you ask. Yes, of course—*imbécile!*"

"But don't you ever think of the future? It can't last for ever, you know, this life. Don't you ever think of what will happen later on?"

"Oh, yes! I think sometimes when I wake up in the night or when I am too tired to sleep. But I'm not frightened." Lisette squared her shoulders and threw back her head defiantly. "Of course, I know it can't last." She touched the moss rose that lay withering on the table between them. "The flowers die quickly enough in the light and heat of the café, eh? Well, our life is as short as that. But I shall have lived and seen beautiful things. If I had stayed *là bas*, down in the South with *le père* and the village folk, what would it have been—the life of a cabbage! Do I look as if I could have lived like that? Here there is life with love and hate and tears and laughter, and it will have been good while it lasted. One pays for everything, of course, but there are some things for which one does not grudge payment. I am nineteen now, and when——"

Alan Ferris let slip an exclamation of horror. There was no suggestion of youth in the haggard face and emaciated body.

Lisette, reading his thoughts, gave a bitter little laugh. She picked up the withering rose and fingered its petals. "What did I tell you, *mon ami?* Gaslight is good for neither flowers nor women."

Ferris leant across the table, and caught her hand. "My God, it's awful! But there'll be sunlight again to-morrow out in the Luxembourg Gardens. Come and tell me the rest there."

"Oh, yes, as you like." Her eyes sought the mirror opposite as she adjusted her startling headgear. "You are the only man who has looked upon me as a story, but I think you are different to all other men. And now I must go, for I have a rendezvous to keep."

Her professional walk, her professional glance, were assumed as one assumes a garment, and Lisette made her exit from the Café d'Harcourt. In her hand she carried the fading rose.

. . . . . .

Every day at four o'clock in the afternoon they met in the gardens, where Pan danced and the children played. Lisette and Ferris played, too, after their fashion, for, like all Bohemians, they were eternal children.

In the man's brain the magic of the siren city rioted like strong wine, and Lisette brought with her a charm and gaiety that none of her lovers had ever seen. Her scowls, her furies, her Maxim hat, and her make-up were all now kept for the benefit of the patrons of the Café d'Harcourt.

She and Ferris wandered about arm in arm like a pair of students from the Quarter, they bought gaufrettes from a stall and ate them sitting under the trees listening to the band.

Once while wandering through the Musée Lisette gave a delighted little scream, and stopped before Emmanuel Fremiet's "Pan and the Bear Cubs." She stood with arm outstretched, pointing. "Behold, *mon ami*, it is you! When you are pleased you look like that. Did I not say I already knew you? How young you are now! You looked so tired when I saw you first, but now——" Lisette sighed. "It is the heart that keeps one young."

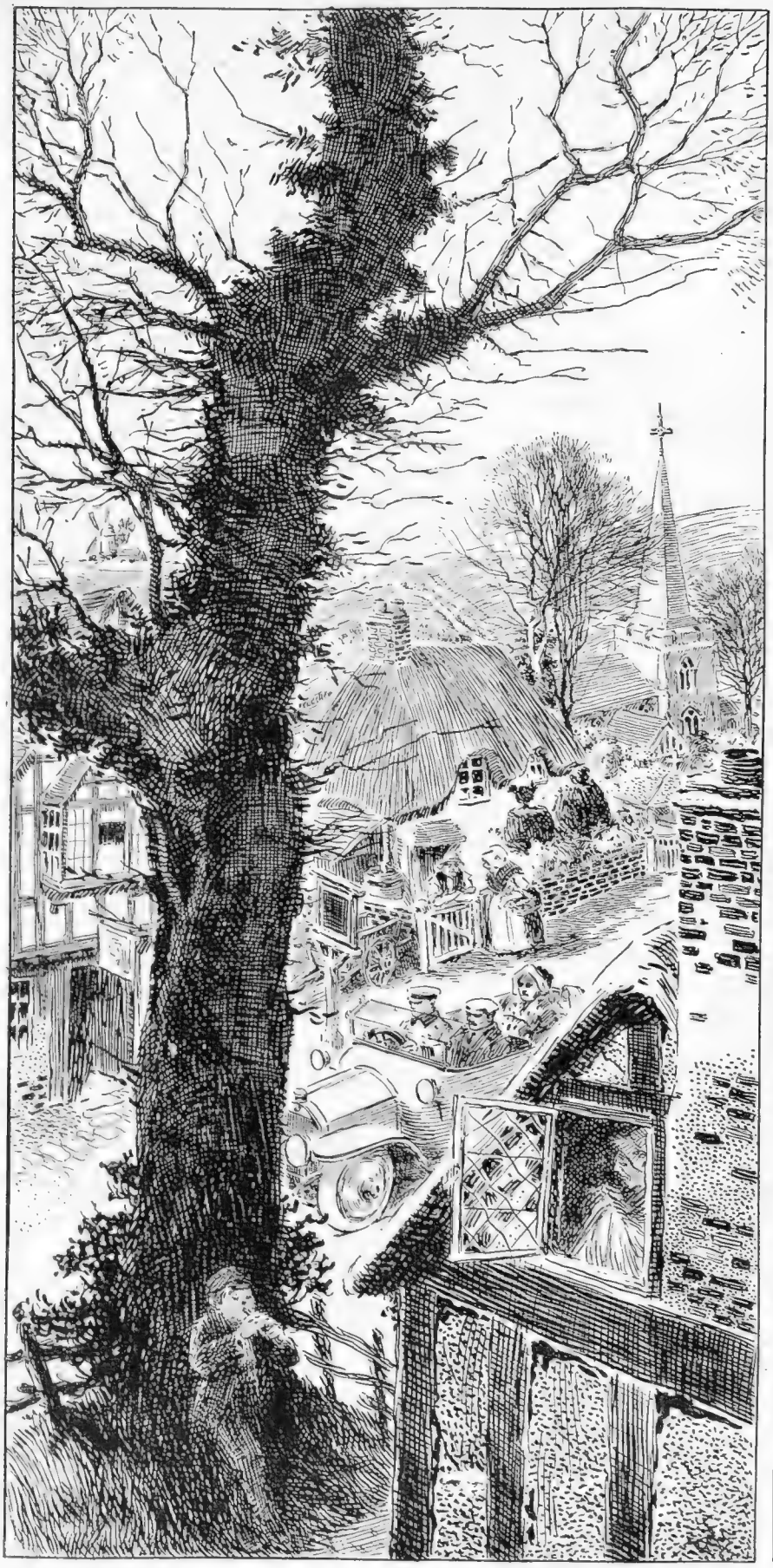
One day she told him the rest of the story. She came from Luchon, a little village in the Basque Pyrenees.

She had heard stories of Paris, and it had become the dream of her life to get there. Her ambition was to become an actress.

A few smart people came to Luchon in the summer, for there were waters there and a tiny Etablishment des Bains. One day, when she was carrying a basket of fruit to the market, Lisette met a man in a motor who stopped to ask her the way. Three days later he asked her other things.

There had been no sentiment on either side. It was a bargain pure and simple, and for a year Lisette saw life at its fullest.

"It must all end some day, of course," she told Ferris. "Perhaps when I am thirty-five, for that is old for us. When the day comes that I can no longer hold men, and the fires are dying out and the curtain is coming down, then I shall go back to the Pyrenees. *Le bon père* will have me back, whatever I have done, for when one loves one pardons all, *vois tu?* And one day I shall go to the little church and find the old *curé* who used to talk to me of vanities and Hell. And I will say, 'Behold, *mon père*, here is the wicked Lisette, she of whom you prophesied so many evil things. But she is not wicked any longer, only very tired.' And then I shall confess all, yes, all, and he will give me absolution and call me 'My daughter' in a gentle, weak voice. And when it is all over I shall be happy again, you understand?"



Spring's Coming!

By a wink
From the sun
Through a chink
'Twas begun
And the breeze
Whispered soft
To the trees
Far aloft
With a low muffled humming
Spring's Coming!

And the bird
On the bough
Overheard
The soft vow
Then he leaped
(O rejoice!)
And cheep-cheep'd
While the voice
Of the zephyr
went drumming
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(Continued from page 618)

"And if he isn't there, the old *curé*, you know?"

"There will be someone else. What does it matter?"

"And when it is all over—then?"

"Oh, then? I shall just sit in the sun and wait. I have not been afraid of Life, why should I be afraid of Death? Surely he is the kinder of the two."

"You are brave, Lisette."

"And you are—very kind, monsieur."

It was not Lisette of the Café d'Harcourt who spoke.

"So you won't call me your friend any longer?" Ferris asked. "Let us be *bon camarades* while we can before I have to go back to *La bas* (that's your Paris slang for hell, isn't it?)"

Two days later he said good-bye to her in the place where they first met. That morning he had received a letter from his publisher, asking him to send at once a large instalment of a new serial for *Winter's Weekly*. His last story had, on the whole, been very popular, with the exception of a few passages to which some mothers with daughters had objected.

The new story must be sensational, but of strong domestic interest, and must contain no foreigners.

For one mad and glowing instant Ferris almost decided to throw it all up and take an attic *au cinquième*. Then he remembered that he had friends in London—and a sister who was an invalid and couldn't live in Town all the year round, and had to go to Switzerland for the winter.

"You will come back," Lisette said to him. "*Mon ami*, I know it. We have a saying here. 'The Paris fever is only cured by death!' Those who have heard its call once and understand, never forget."

"And you will be here, Lisette, to play with me?" He held her eyes with his, the strong, steady eyes that women, children, and animals all possessing a like instinct trusted at the first encounter.

And Lisette told her brave lie.

The day after he arrived Ferris received her ill-written letter:

"I told you truly when I said you would come back. You will, yes, and Paris will be glad to see you, for she knows her real lovers. And you will write beautiful stories about her, and perhaps you will write a little story of your friend. In one thing only I lied to you. When you come I shall not be here. I have been able to give you what you want, and that is so good, so I am happy. If you saw me again you might hate me (who knows?), and that I could not bear, for I love you.—LISETTE."

RACHEL HAYWARD

FISHERMEN ON THE BOSPHORUS

One of the most picturesque sights of the great Turkish waterway is that of the fishermen perched on seats attached to poles driven into the mud. It is related by people, who recall the Armenian massacres of the 'nineties, that a Radical London journalist, catching a glimpse of two of these fishermen, immediately reported to his paper that the Sultan was driving poles through human bodies and sticking them up for exhibition on the banks of the Bosphorus

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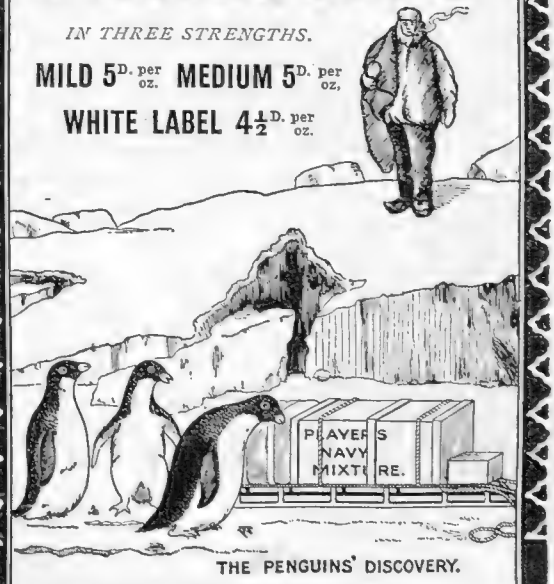

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THE BOOK OF THE WEEK: "HALF LENGTHS" By G. W. E. RUSSELL

Mr. Russell's Interesting Style

In the world of modern letters there is no one who occupies precisely the same position as the Right Honourable George W. E. Russell. Since the appearance, some fifteen years ago, of his *Collections and Recollections* we have come to expect an annual volume made up of short essays on literary subjects, semi-historical vignettes, personal reminiscences, and anecdotes of a kind which, somehow or other, does not always find its way into print. Social historians of the future will consult Mr. Russell's books as historians of the past have consulted Horace Walpole's Letters. This does not mean that Mr. Russell's methods coincide with those practised by "the Uncle of the late Earl of Orford," but it is a fact that the author of *Collections and Recollections* has the happiest knack of getting down on to paper just the most interesting "things" of his generation. "Things" is an awkward word, but it expresses what I mean very well—incidents, movements, personalities, policies, what you will.

Photograph *Elliott and Fry*

THE RT. HON. G. W. E. RUSSELL

Whose interesting book, "Half-Lengths" (Grant Richards: 7s. 6d. net), is reviewed on this page

What You Expect

In *Half-Lengths*—the title is taken, by the way, from Horace Walpole himself—there is just such a collection of essays as you might expect to find. As all the world knows, Mr. Russell went from Harrow to Oxford, and served under Mr. Gladstone. He belongs to one of the great Whig families, is a "clubbable" man, in Dr. Johnson's sense of the word, and is an ardent worker in the cause of the Church of England. Consequently in this, as in other works of his, you have something about Harrow and Oxford, much of Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues, the clearest possible exposition of Whiggery, a series of biographies in miniature, and certain papers dealing directly or indirectly with the Church.

At Harrow and Elsewhere

Half-Lengths opens with a fine appreciation of Cardinal Newman, in the form of a review of Mr. Wilfrid Ward's Life. From Newman the author proceeds to discuss Whiggery—largely a matter of relationship, he thinks—and in particular the late Duke of Devonshire—"the last of the Whigs." Then follow the little biographies which I have already mentioned, and a most exciting excursion into romance. Mr. Russell, as a schoolboy, it would appear, met, fortuitously, a mysterious stranger who was greatly interested in the "Armoury" at Harrow School—the most innocuous place to my own recollection—and it afterwards transpired that the stranger was a notorious foreign general who busied himself in trying to make Ireland attack this country. Now, it is quite natural that Mr. Russell, accustomed to meet every eminent man, should meet General Cluseret, but at the end of this paper there is a most un-Russellian note to tell you that the personal part is fiction. Well, no matter—Mr. Russell, in addition to his other good qualities, shows that he has a sense of fun. I daresay he could write quite an unsually good novel, instead of allowing other people to work up his ideas, as I understand has been the case.

The Oxford Manner

There follow two papers on the Universities. Mr. Russell concerns himself with that curious phenomenon known as the Oxford manner. What this is has always been quite clear to a Cambridge man, who, however, is seldom able precisely to put his thoughts into words. That there is a surprising difference between the Oxford and Cambridge man is universally allowed, and probably the best illustration of this is that famous remark—Mr. Russell may not have heard of it—which supposes that the Oxford man walks down the street as though it belonged to him, whereas the Cambridge man walks down the street as though he did not care a brass farthing (or anything else) to whom it belonged. Not the least interesting of his chapters is the last, which is purely autobiographical. It was in 1887 that he began to write for the *Manchester Guardian* such a series as few other authors could have continued for twenty-five years. *Half-Lengths* takes its place with its predecessors as an entertaining book which will bear several perusals, and should stand the test of time.

RALPH STRAUS

REVIEWS IN BRIEF

"Myles Calthorpe, I.D.B."

Miss F. E. Mills Young is not at her best in *Myles Calthorpe, I.D.B.* (Lane: 6*s.*), yet it is an interesting story of South African life with a hero who, I doubt not, will be popular enough with the other sex. He is of the strong, silent type, of somewhat mysterious parentage, who is wrongfully sent to prison. The young lady who lives with her brother, and is in love with Myles, suffers in silence until the mystery of the crime for which the hero has suffered becomes clear. There is good characterisation and good writing, but perhaps one had hoped for rather more mystery from the authoress of *Grit Lawless*.

"Skipper Anne"

Skipper Anne (Hodder and Stoughton: 6*s.*), by Marion Bower, is a tale of Napoleon's secret service—a well-constructed, and even exciting, story of a young French aristocrat who, to save his head, takes service under the First Consul and comes to the neighbourhood of Hull to spy out the land. Things there do not happen precisely as you might expect, a point which is in Miss Bower's favour, and the ending proves that Charles de Brissac was not quite so untrue to his order as might have been supposed. Miss Bower writes well, but does one look out on the Atlantic from Hull?

Thames-Side

Thames-Side, Past and Present (George Allen: 12*s.* 6*d.* net), by F. C. Hodgson, contains a number of papers of some literary value and interest. They deal in general with such celebrities as have lived "up the river." Twickenham a hundred and sixty years ago was vastly more fashionable than it is to-day, and Mr. Hodgson has managed to reconstruct the society of that time so far as it concerned this once most picturesque village. Pope and Horace Walpole, the lesser-known, but most interesting, Richard Owen Cambridge, and that startling Lady Mary Montagu, are some of the protagonists. Most of the ground has already been covered in lighter, though no less careful, fashion by Mr. Austin Dobson, but there should be a place for Mr. Hodgson's book, which is well illustrated, though one regrets the exclusion of the rather fine portrait of Cambridge himself.

Thoughts on Things Read

By VIVIAN CARTER

Books, Books, Books!

Preliminarily to opening a sort of weekly causerie under the above heading, I took the caution to secure from all the London publishers a complete list of their spring issues. Put together, and comprising all the books of all the kinds that are out or coming out this season, the number of these volumes exceeds one thousand! In this age of alleged hustle, in which nobody has time to do anything, one thousand books are hurled at us, not by idle dreamers, but by the most businesslike men of the day—the publishers. Books so varied in character, and dealing learnedly or lightly with such an enormous range of topics that were seven men with seven brains to read them for half a year, I doubt it, says THE BYSTANDER, if they would get them clear.

A Proposed Experiment

If any one man were to shut himself up and read uninterruptedly the Books of the Spring of 1913 at the considerable rate of a book a day he would not be through them until the spring of 1916. But, by the time he had finished, he would, if he survived to tell the tale, be the most liberally re-educated, and the most interesting, man within the City of London. If any reader seeks to try the experiment I shall be happy to tell him where he can get the list, and at the end of the three years to have a call from him at this office.

Reviewer and "Causeur"

For my own part, I have ticked off on the list the books which I personally think likely to afford me food for thought, and it is upon these books, as I get through them, that I propose, in this column, to talk—not "review." The reviewer is an excellent and a very useful person, and heaven forbid that I should propose his abolition from the columns of THE BYSTANDER. To be reviewed is, further, a necessity to the author, whereas to be talked about is—either a privilege or a penalty, as the case may be. But the reviewer is more or less at the beck and call of the books that "come in": the *causeur* is free to talk about the books that are, whether or not they come in. If he sees a book that interests him he gets it. Or it may not be a book at all: "Things read" comprises magazines and—newspapers!

Thr Spring Poet Revives—

I thought I might live to see many things in the course of my journalistic life, but among those that I never anticipated is the Spring Poet Triumphant. For many dreary years the sentimentalist with the scroll had been the laughing stock of the comic press, and he, at all events, was regarded as beyond revival. That men such as Mr. Masefield might arise, versifying bitterly about realities of crime and grime in the streets and on the soil, the prophet might have foreseen. But the Spring Poet, *redivivus*, never! Certainly not in full flight for upwards of a thousand lines in a popular review.

—And His "Moral"

Such, however, has come to pass. Mr. John Helston is with us, in the *English Review* ("Aphrodite at Leatherhead"), and the theme is—Spring. The woman in the case is the goddess of love, and the moral—well, it isn't exactly that—the—er—contention is the Sanctity of Lust. It was quite right of the editor to explain that the poet is a mechanic, though the fact is fairly audible to those who read much of the verse with open ears.

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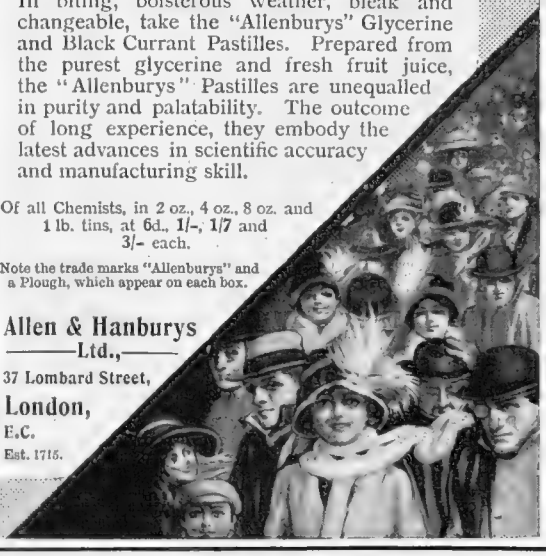

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THOUGHTS ON THINGS READ (continued)

Mr. Phillpotts Explains

It was always a mystery to many people how Mr. Eden Phillpotts got so much inspiration for his novels "up along Dartymoor." In the preface to *Widecombe Fair* all is most interestingly explained. To critics who have complained that he "makes his scenery as important as his people," he replies that "a forest, or river, a wild space, a hill top . . . are as vital as the adventures of man and woman. . . . If I choose to make a river a protagonist or lift a forest into a presence more portentous than the human beings who move within it, none has the right to deny me." This, I confess, attracts me immensely. It is uplifting. Have we, after all, been writing too much about our mere selves, and is it not time the forces of Nature received the attention deserved by their merits as actors on the world's stage? Does the Phillpotts apologia portend a spell of nature novels? Literary complaints are so catching!

"THE BYSTANDER" IN SMYRNA

Or, to be precise, among the ruins of an old fort, Mount Tagus, thereabouts. We trust that two of the readers in the photograph are as interested in our contents as the third is apparently indifferent to them

Dr. Whitty

After seeing *General John Regan* I had a distinct longing for further acquaintance with its hero, the village doctor. The author, George A. Birmingham, satisfies me *instanter* with *Doctor Whitty* (Methuen). The doctor combines an inexhaustible fund of good nature with the wiles of the serpent, and is ever ready to help any scheme onward, no matter how hare-brained. His adventures are delicious. Since Mr. W. W. Jacobs we have had no humour in short story form to surpass that of the Rev. Mr. "Birmingham."

The "Husbandette"

The appearance of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel (*The Mating of Lydia*) reminds me of that story I heard the other day of the talented author's "husbandette." Mr. Humphry Ward was dining, some weeks ago, with some very learned *litterateurs*. When the best-known of these had finished a lengthy discourse on something or other he turned to his neighbour and said:

"By the way, Mr. Humphry Ward, are you *married?*"

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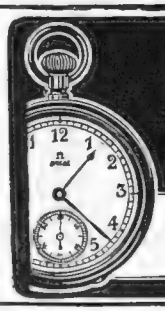

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The Out-of-bounds Rule

THERE has been a good deal of confused thought and writing lately on the subject of the out-of-bounds rule. Actuated by a desire to meet the views of those who considered the existing out-of-bounds penalty (mere loss of distance) too light, the Rules of Golf Committee have added a note to Rule 23 granting permission to clubs, if they wish, to increase the out-of-bounds penalty either to (1) loss of stroke and distance both in match and stroke play, or to (2) loss of hole in match-play. It is this note to Rule 23 which has been so grievously misunderstood by several writers, some treating it as a recommendation to clubs to increase the penalty, others as a command to do so. Of course, it is neither of these things, but only a permission to vary the main rule. This is the first time, so far as I know, that such a permission has been granted by our legislators, and the question arises whether such an enactment is wise or unwise. We must, therefore, examine the history of local rules.

The Code of 1891

Until the code of 1891 was passed by St. Andrews the local rules of the St. Andrews course were not separated from the main code, and this caused some difficulty to other clubs anxious to adopt the St. Andrews code, but who had no Swilcan Burn, River Eden, or stationmaster's garden to contend with. That difficulty was removed by the 1891 code, but another peculiarity of the St. Andrews course, the railway, still found a place in the definition of a hazard, and this last remnant of the St. Andrews local features did not lose its place in the main code till 1908, when "railway" was excised from the definition of a hazard and left for each club to regulate by local rule. A further advance in this direction was made in the latest revision under which "rushes" were also removed from the "hazard" definition and left for local legislation.

"Local Option" Misapplied

We have thus a clear history showing a gradual advance in recognition of the wisdom of leaving each club to deal in its own way with peculiar features of its course, thus simplifying the main code and relegating unusual hazards to local option. But the note to Rule 23 marks an entirely new departure, and one which old golfers regard with grave misgiving. They maintain that the main code should be precise, clear, and simple, and they trusted that the recognition of the status of "local rules" would make for these desirable ends. But they object to the introduction into the main code of a local option as bound to lead to diversity of practice and certain confusion. They are practically unanimous too, in thinking that the present out-of-bounds penalty is too light, and they would have been very glad if, while leaving the lost ball penalty unchanged, the Rules Committee had had the courage to stick to their original proposal to increase the out-of-bounds penalty. It looks therefore, as if at some future date we shall have to get rid of this note to Rule 23 and make the out-of-bounds penalty loss of stroke and distance.

ERNEST LEHMANN

RACING: Opening of the Season. By CARBINE

Cheltenham Success

We had a topping meeting at Cheltenham. Big crowds, fine weather, and clinking sport, with merry house-parties for miles around. Certainly the good folk of the Cotswold district throw themselves very heartily into the task of making this annual steeplechase gathering a great success. The Race Ball was a real bumper, and the week will be long remembered in the neighbourhood. I am afraid backers did not do very well over the big National Hunt Race on Wednesday, which was won by a 33 to 1 chance; but, then, few people seriously expect to find the winner of this most baffling steeplechase, and consequently they "play light."

The Queen's Prize

Next week sees the start of another flat-racing season. It will be strange to begin at Kempton Park instead of with the usual opening fixture at Lincoln, but I suppose the change will not make much difference to the pleasure of the majority of racegoers in getting back to the "real thing." Everyone will hope to start off well by finding the winner of the Queen's Prize on Easter Monday. I have never known the going to be so good at this time of the year as it has been during the past few weeks. This means that horses generally will be fitter than usual at the opening of the season. The Cesarewitch winner, Warlingham, must certainly stand an excellent chance of winning the chief event at Kempton, and, no doubt, Aye Aye will also be in much request. I expect, however, to see the race won by **Major Symons**, whose fine effort at Newbury last autumn made a big impression on me.

Easter Stakes at Kempton

To many Kempton visitors the Easter Stakes will be just as interesting as the big handicap. Some high-class three-year-olds are expected to run, and the race will take a good deal of winning. I am necessarily writing these notes a long time before the date of the race, but I know that Roseworthy and Flippant are both pretty forward in condition. Sanquhar is entered, and I hear that he is one of the most improved three-year-olds at Newmarket. My selection is **Roseworthy**, whom I regard as an exceptionally good and game colt. I have been asked to suggest a likely double for the Lincoln and Grand National. Although I do not wish to imply that the horses I name now will be my final selections for the races in question, it appears to me that Talana Hill and Thowl Pin represent a promising combination at very long odds.

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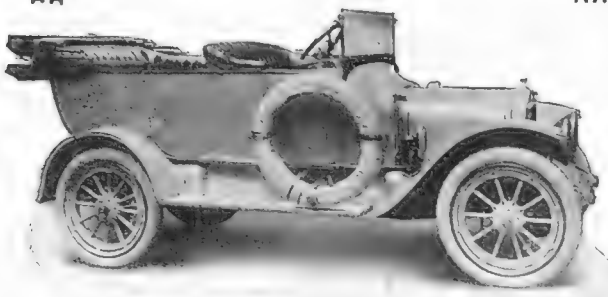

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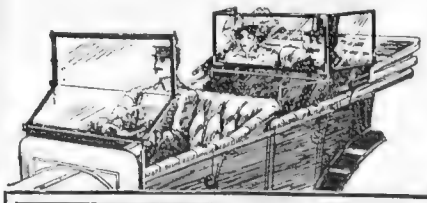

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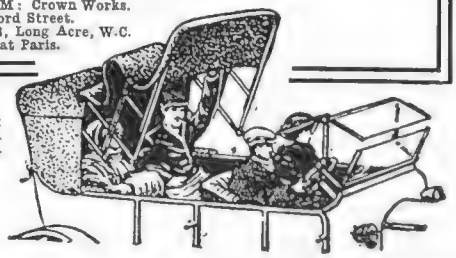

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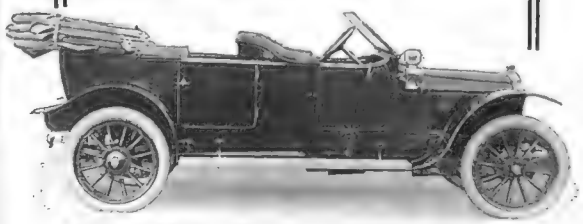

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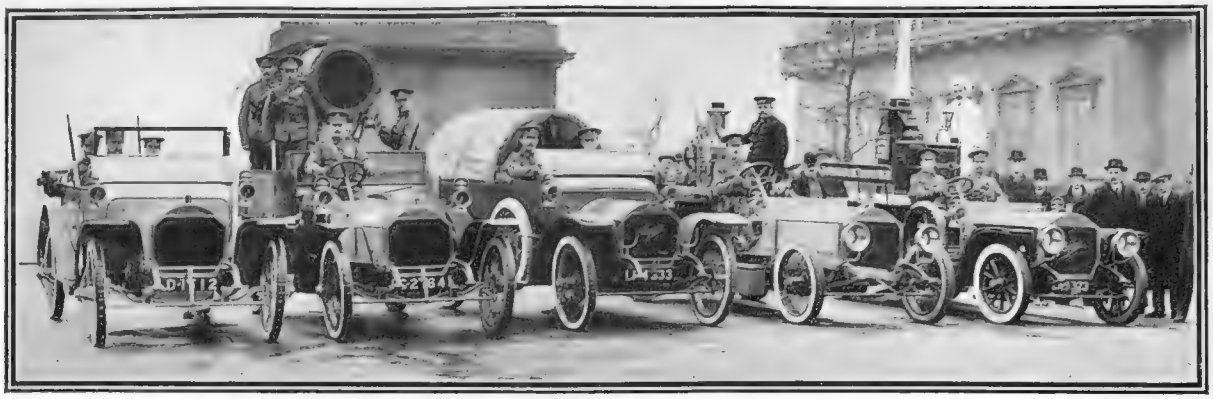


A FLEET OF NAPIERS

At the foot of the Duke of York's Column, Waterloo Place. This photograph was taken on the occasion of the recent demonstration of the use of various Napier motors in war time. The itinerary of the cars consisted of calls at the Bulgarian and Servian Legations, and the Montenegrin, Greek and Turkish Consulates, and the Tower of London

MOTORING: BY LAND, SEA, and SKY

BY ALEX. J. M. GRAY

The Race Improbable

There doesn't now seem to be a very lively hope that the automobile race in the Isle of Man will happen this year. This is particularly disappointing to those for whom such an event has a strong sporting appeal, and who were joyously anticipating something of a revival of the road-race in England. Certainly the event is not yet officially off, and even now there may be a sufficient response to warrant the competition being held; but the prospects are not encouraging. If, however, the lack of interest is taken, as doubtless it will be taken, to indicate indifference or opposition in that section of the trade which is associated with competitions, it will be taken wrongly. I believe there is a sufficient number of manufacturers interested to make a very good field for an event of this kind, but they cannot be expected violently to flout a decision of the Executive Committee of their own Trade Society which has decided that a race cannot be supported anyway. Whether anything will happen between now and the end of May to make the prospect brighter, deponent, not being a prophet, cannot say. The thermometer of his expectations has dropped very low. It will take an effort by the R.A.C. to organise an event for private motorists, to stir the mercury upward again.

The Search for a Substitute

The R.A.C. has, apparently, decided that there is nothing doing in the petrol price palliation line, and, having failed to convert the Shell and Pratt representatives from the error of their ways, and having (as might have been expected) been unable to discover a road out of existing difficulties, has suspended its inquiries. The field is, therefore, left lonely so far as petrol is concerned, but a joint committee of the trade, the R.A.C. and the A.A., has now got itself born in order to discover whether petrol is, indeed, the only fuel, or whether there can be found anywhere a petrol substitute equally efficient and available in commercial quantities at a competitive price. This Committee has met, the members have been introduced to one another, and have already belied the popular idea that there is friction between the various bodies they represent by making their first act an expression of unanimity. They have, as one man, elected Mr. Stenson Cooke to act as Secretary to the Committee—an excellent choice indeed. Now we may comport ourselves comfortably confident that if there is anything in the nature of a substitute available we shall presently hear of it.

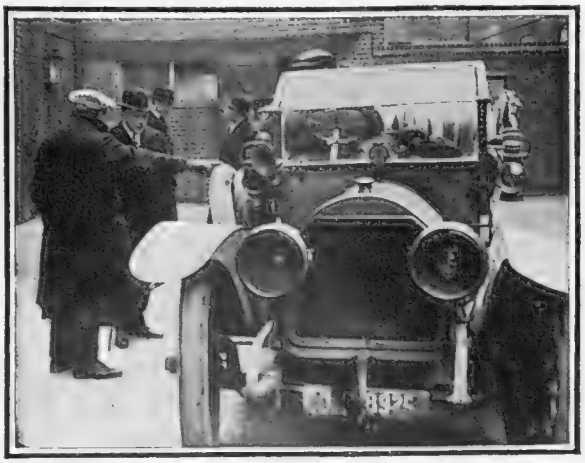
Photograph *Underwood*

THE TOUR DE FRANCE

The above illustrates an interior-driven Pierron car travelling over the fourth stage of the tour—that between Grenoble and Nice. This section embraces some of the most beautiful scenery of the French Alps

On Protesting Too Much

We have had several outbreaks of protest recently, all designed to prove that, really, the motorist is not generally a cur nor a law-breaker, but just an ordinary sort of citizen who only says naughty words on occasions, and otherwise comports himself in quite a natural manner. Because curs sometimes get into cars and act according to their nature, it seems to be assumed that the whole motoring community will be adversely affected. The idea is absurd, and a survival of the day when there was strong public feeling against the car. All forms of transport, and most other movements that collided with convention, passed through a similar stage of evolution toward general acceptance or adoption. The automobile has reached the stage of acceptance. Very few are left who would associate curs in cars with motorists as a class. To stumble over one another in anxiety to dissociate motorists from hogs and ill-conditioned fellows is a gratuitous affront to motorists generally. The cur and the cad and the criminal are common to every section of society. The fact that one happens to be on a car occasionally does not damn another car-user any more than one drunken strap-hanger reflects upon the vast and unhappy army of such.



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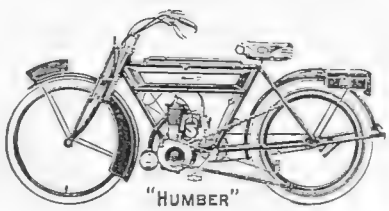

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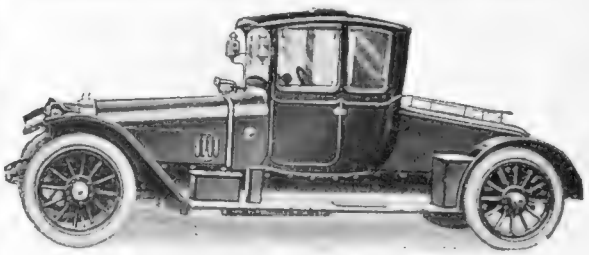

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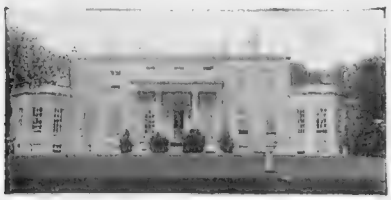

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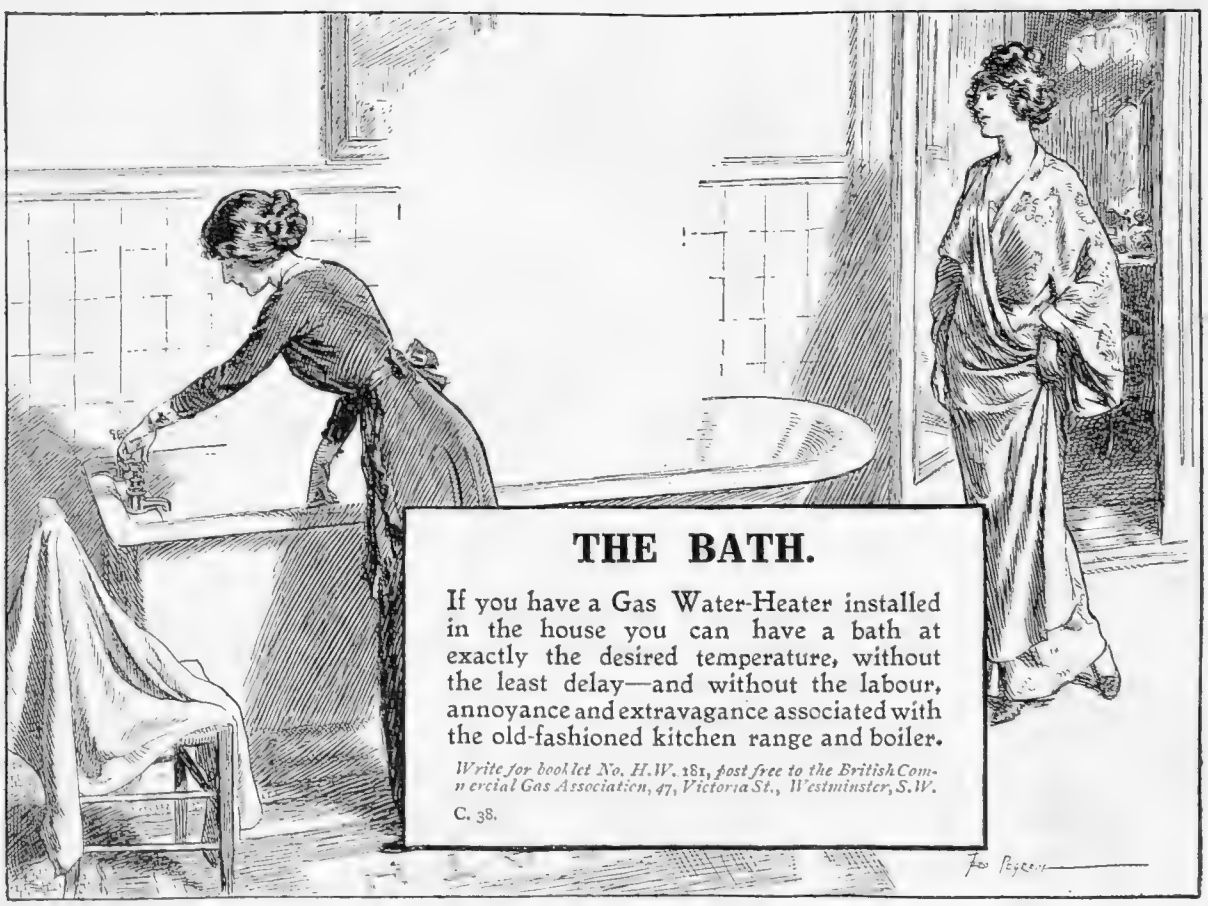

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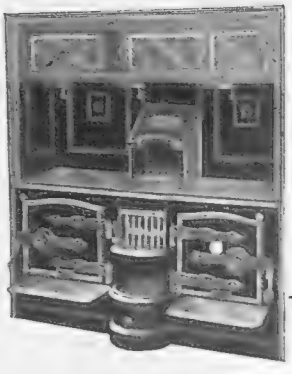

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The Ocean Accident & Guarantee Corporation, LIMITED.

EMPOWERED BY SPECIAL ACT OF PARLIAMENT.

Head Office: 36 to 44, MOORGATE STREET, LONDON, E.C.

£2,000 Will be paid by THE OCEAN ACCIDENT AND GUARANTEE CORPORATION, Limited, Principal Office, Nos. 36 to 44 Moorgate Street, London, E.C., to the legal personal representative of the *hon-ible* holder of this Coupon-Insurance Ticket, **if such holder shall be killed by an accident within the United Kingdom to any passenger-train, public omnibus, tram-car, or four-wheeled or hansom cab** (driven by a licensed driver plying for public hire), in which such holder is travelling as an ordinary ticket-bearing or fare-paying passenger, season-ticket-holder or trader's ticket-holder; **or £1,000 will be paid by the Corporation to the legal personal representative of such holder, if such holder shall be killed by an accident, in any part of the world, to any passenger-steamer in which such holder is travelling as a fare-paying passenger; or should such holder sustain an injury, caused by an accident as above defined, which shall not prove fatal as aforesaid, but cause the Loss of Two Limbs (both arms or both legs, or one of each, by actual separation above the wrist or ankle), the Corporation will pay to such holder £1,000; or for the Loss of One Limb, under aforesaid conditions, £500.**

Provided that the above undertaking is subject to the following special conditions, which are the essence of the contract, viz.: (*a*) That such death or loss result within one month after the accident, (*b*) that such holder's usual signature shall have been written in ink or pencil, in the space provided underneath, before the accident, (*c*) that notice in case of injury be given to the Corporation at its Principal Office in London within seven days after the accident and in case of death within fourteen days after the accident, (*d*) that medical certificates and other information be furnished by the person claiming upon request for the same by the Corporation, and (*e*) that this Insurance applies only to persons over twelve and under seventy years of age, is limited to one Coupon-Insurance-Ticket for each holder, and holds good for the current week of issue only.

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This Insurance extends from and includes Tuesday, the 18th day of March, 1913, to the midnight of Wednesday, the 26th day of March, 1913.

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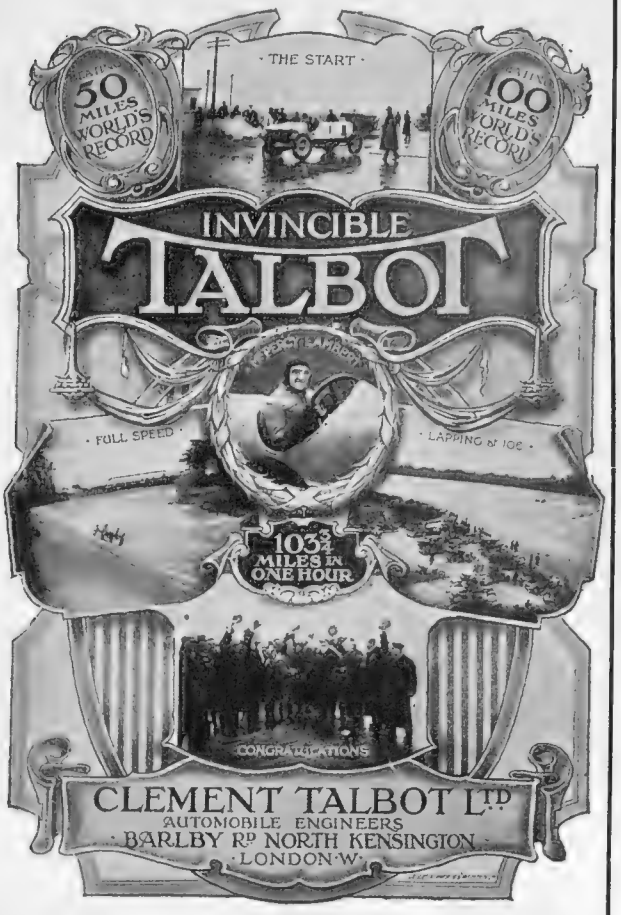

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Three Years' Guarantee.

STANDS pre-eminent as a "practical" car in the hands of the user. Its reputation rests on the very solid foundation afforded by the everyday use on the road in every part of the world. Four models—15 h.p. to 29 h.p. From £375 complete.

For Delivery in May.

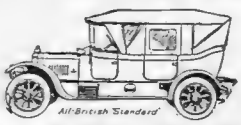
The All-British "Standard" 9·5.

A perfect miniature two-seated car complete, hood, screen, &c., £185.

Catalogues upon request.

The Standard Motor Co., Ltd., Coventry.

London Agents: Pytchley Autocar Co., Ltd., 179-181, Great Portland Street, W.



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"THE CAR WITH A CONSCIENCE"

A 6-cylinder which has no equal in its class for efficiency of performance and artistic appearance —*the Oakland.*

Its hill-climbing powers, flexibility and silence are a revelation even to those whose experience of 6-cylinder cars has been gained with more expensive makes. Only a demonstration is necessary to convince you of its all-round excellence.

¶ The 26 h.p. 4-cyl. and 40 h.p. 6-cyl. models are fitted with the famous **Delco Electric self-starting and lighting system.** The Delco is the only system that has proved itself satisfactory for each function that it performs, *i.e.*, starting, lighting, and igniting. No starting handle.

Catalogue on application. Trials arranged.

OAKLAND MOTOR CAR CO., LTD., 169, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.

Telegrams: "Oakarco, London." Telephone: Regent 523.

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Wedded!

Pure Para Rubber to the best Egyptian duck.

Completely, inseparably; to journey life's road together.

Yet this is no romance! No flimsy fabric woven by the imagination—but the solid blending of facts. The

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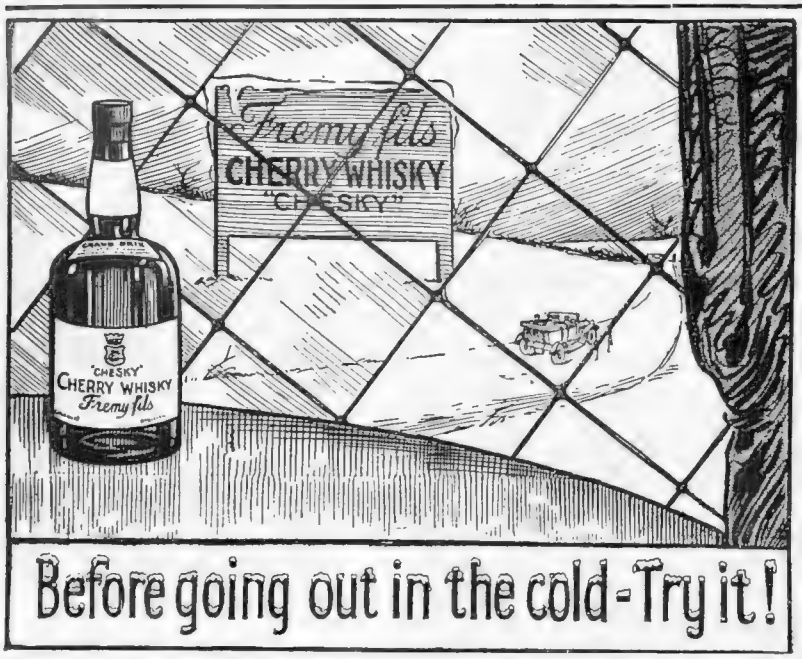
To affiance rubber of pure Para pedigree to duck of inferior descent would mean a veritable mesalliance; a sheer crime against caste, with one inevitable outcome—divorce—disruption. The life-long attachment of Avon Rubber to Avon duck is due not merely to the excellence of the material used, but to the special Avon processes which make one substance of the two, so resisting road and weather troubles.

"The square tread Avon tyre which I am testing has now covered about 6,600 miles and is still in sound condition. The last 2,000 miles have been run on the front wheels. There are no serious cuts in the tread, and there appears to have been but a very small loss of rubber."—*Daily Mail.*

THE AVON INDIA RUBBER CO., Ltd.
London: 19, Newman St., Oxford St., and at Birmingham, Glasgow, Manchester, Bristol.
Head Office and Works - - - MELKSHAM, WILTS.
Telephone: No. 2 Melksham. Telegrams: "Rubber, Melksham."

Trade Mark.



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Pictures stand without a rival in their fitness for beautifying the home, for Gifts, for Birthday Presents, for Wedding Presents, and for Presents generally. We always have a very large and varied stock of carefully selected pictures, all of which are artistically framed.

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Over 30 years ago the late Lord Beaconsfield testified to the benefits he received from HIMROD'S CURE, and every post brings similar letters to-day.

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The largest collection of Roses in the country and the plants unsurpassed, if equalled, anywhere for quantity and quality. Roses in pots, both dwarf and ramblers, are extra fine this season. The formation of *Rose Gardens* a speciality. Books on Roses. Upwards of 1,000 First Prizes and Gold and other Medals over the past 50 years. Priced list post free on application.

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FRANCO-BRITISH AND TURIN INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITIONS.

HUNTING, SHOOTING AND WALKING BOOTS.

Write for illustrated Boot Booklet and Self-measurement Apparatus, also Legging Booklet.

MARICH Cigarettes
SMOKED BY ROYALTY.

A solid leather cigarette case containing a sample of these Cigarettes will be sent to anyone enclosing a P.O. (or stamps) for 1/6 and mentioning paper.

Their Exquisite qualities satisfy the most critical Tastes.

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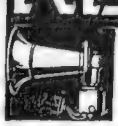
KLAXON



The far-flung note of the Klaxon Horn effectively warns distant traffic of your approach and enables the car to proceed without stopping or slowing down. *Kindly send post-card to-day for handsome booklet, mentioning "Bystander"*
The KLAXON Co., Ltd.,
41, Great Portland St., LONDON, W.

EARLY MOTOR-CAR TYPES.

No. 8.—The Mors touring car.

Perhaps the most noteworthy fact of the motoring history of the year 1899 was the awakening of the police to the fact that the baiting of motorists was a sure and easy source of revenue to county funds. This may seem to have little connection with the evolution of the motor car; nevertheless, the two are closely allied. For it was their rapid growth in number, and their increased speed, that drew upon their owners the attention of the constabulary, and led the pioneers of the industry into the courts to face the vindictiveness of a horsey magistracy. The last of this series of types pictured a touring car, and no excuse is proffered for showing a car designed for a similar purpose this week. But in this, an early Mors, a distinct improvement is to be noted—namely, the addition of a canopy. This, it must be understood, was reckoned a Sybaritic luxury fourteen years ago. The Mors also earned considerable fame as a racing car. In the Paris-St. Malo race of 1899 a Mors was first, covering the 226 miles in 7 hrs. 32 min. It must have been rather a terrible monster. When the motor was set going it was said to emit a roar very much like the bass vibrating roar of a tiger, and the English onlookers, more used to the docile ways of our island cars, took to their heels and ran.

Evolution, also, was making itself felt in the tyre world. It was in 1899 that the Dunlop Company introduced the corrugated tyre for cars, the Dunlop grooved tyre of to-day being the present example. It was generally thought at the time that the smooth tyre was all-sufficient, but the general adoption of grooved tyres, or tyres of a somewhat similar type, shows that the Dunlop idea was right.

Why it was, and why the Dunlop method of transverse grooving is superior to circumferential grooving is gone into at length in the Dunlop Tyre Manual for 1913.

DUNLOP TYRES

FIRST IN 1888: FOREMOST EVER SINCE.

The Dunlop Rubber Co., Ltd., Aston Cross, Birmingham; and 14, Regent Street, London, S.W. Paris: 4, Rue du Colonel Moll. Berlin: S.W., 13, Alexandrinenstrasse, 110.

The CONTINENTAL TYRE & RUBBER CO. (Great Britain), Ltd., 3-4, Thurloe Place, London, S.W.

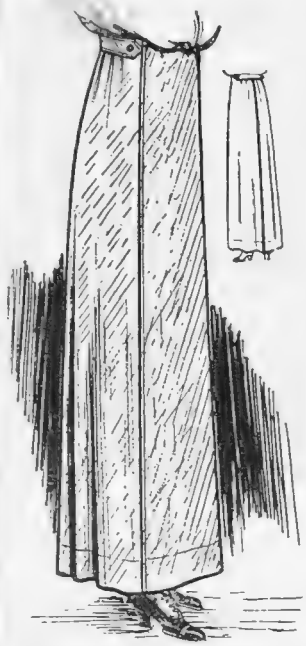
Have you tried the "Continental 1913"—the Tennis Ball of perfect balance?

384

SHOOLBRED'S

TOTTENHAM HOUSE - TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD - LONDON - W.

Tailor-Made Skirts



New back strap Skirt with Raglan seams and circular back and front.

Can be had in strong, durable tweed, also Navy, Black, and Cream Cheviot Serges, and all bright colours.

Price **11/9**

Stock sizes:
24-26½ inch Waist
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(Special measures, 2/6 extra)

Carriage Paid on all Drapery Goods throughout the U.K.

HOW TO BECOME GRACEFUL

A PRETTY CHIN.

Have you a double chin, large bust, large hips, large waist, and a large abdomen? Flesh hanging over your corsets at the back, adding years to your age? If so, send stamped envelope to ELVIRA, or call at 4a, Lower Belgrave Street, Victoria, S.W., when she will give all particulars of a wonderful discovery she herself has made which she guarantees will remove all superfluous flesh. Wrinkles, crow's feet, bagginess beneath the eyes, can all be removed by her simple and HARMLESS method. No body bandages to be worn, no exercises nor dieting necessary. She undertakes to remove a double chin in a fortnight. Colonel's wife writes: "Your treatment is wonderful—my double chin has quite disappeared!" Doctor writes: "I am surprised at the difference you have made in my patient." This treatment reduced her waist 8in. Dozens of testimonials can be seen. Remember, it costs nothing to find out about this remedy, and MADAME ELVIRA guarantees to restore to face and figure the contour of youth, leaving the skin smooth and free from wrinkles.

Madame ELVIRA,
SPECIALIST IN BEAUTY AND FIGURE CULTURE,
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(Under Royal Patronage.) Telephone: 6017 Victoria.

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The **BAKING POWDER** which enables the housewife to make the Best and Lightest Home-made CAKES, SCONES, PASTRY, &c.

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Mascotte

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UNDER DISTINGUISHED PATRONAGE.
(Late of Vienna & formerly of South Molton St.)
Will ladies kindly note that by placing their orders EARLY they receive the best attention?
We have procured all the advance designs, models, and materials from Paris and Vienna, so as to save our customers possible disappointment.
NOTE.— **3½ Guinea**
COATS and SKIRTS
Our Specialité
Perfectly Tailor-made
by the best West-end Tailors, each garment being cut and fitted by Mr. Silverman.
Call and see our selection before going elsewhere.
Riding Habits—4½ Gns.
with improved Safety Skirt (ideal for Park and Hunt, and highly recommended).
Country, Foreign, and Colonial orders receive Mr Silverman's personal attention. A Trial Order solicited. Our SOLE ADDRESS is—
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INVALIDS AND THE AGED.

Benger's Food should be used for healthy development in infancy, for rebuilding strength in weakened systems, and for the preservation of old age in usefulness and vigour. Benger's Food, with milk, forms a dainty, delicious, and highly nutritive cream.

The "British Medical Journal" says: "Benger's Food has, *by its excellence*, established a reputation of its own."

Benger's Food is obtainable throughout the World of Chemists, etc.

Sole Manufacturers: BENGER'S FOOD, LTD., Otter Works, Manchester.

BRANCH OFFICES:
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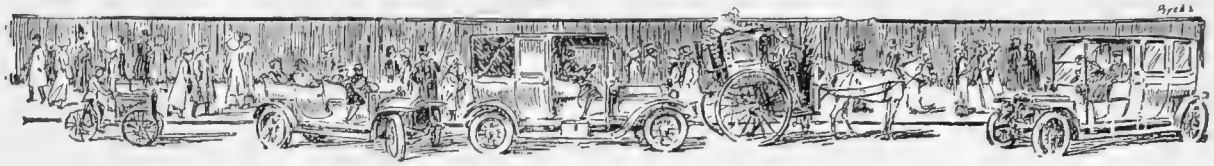
CANADIAN AGENTS: National Drug and Chemical Co., Ltd., 34, St. Gabriel St., MONTREAL, and branches throughout CANADA.

Fashion's Fancies.

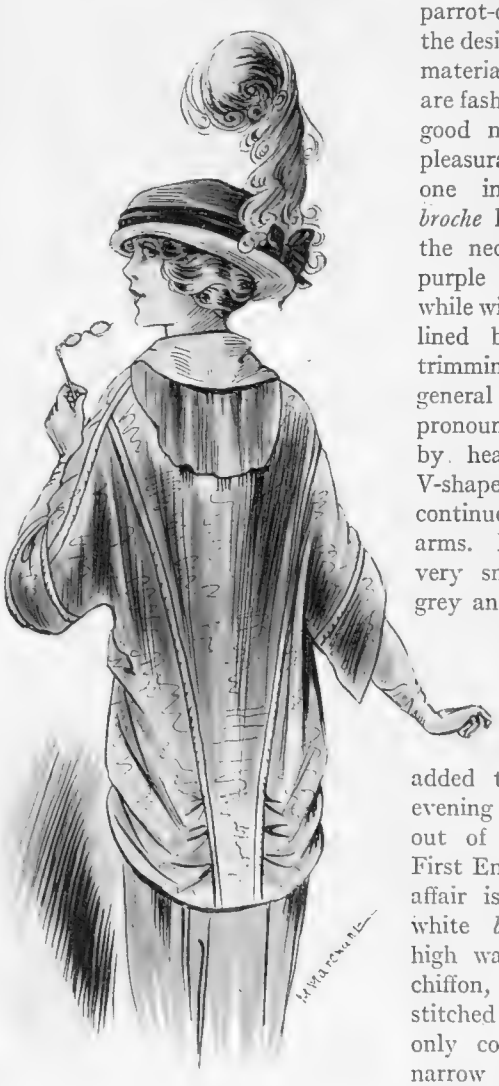


By MRS. JACK MAY

ARRAYED in the bravest spring attire is the house of Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street. I confess to a prejudice for these time-honoured establishments of ours. And it is a prejudice shared by a very large number of people, including several Americans who visit our shores. As one remarked to me, only the other day, "We have got great bustling stores at home; what we like so much is the dignity and solidity of your old firms." And this was apropos of one particular establishment that had recently removed from a small exclusive shop to a palatial abode, in which no one feels at home, and the whole character of the firm is lost, anyway for the moment. Now, at Marshall and Snelgroves, although extensive alterations have necessarily taken place, there remains the same atmosphere. One always shops there with great confidence. The millinery, for example, is not to be rivalled anywhere. It is selected with consummate taste, and the value is impeccable. And my experience has always been that no matter how extreme the fashion, one could always find a wearable hat at Marshall and Snelgroves.

Spring Modes

The advance spring models they are showing are more attractive than ever, the majority, of course, small. A *chic* Tricorne is delightfully expressed in beige-coloured aerophane, the brim lined black pedal straw, a whole goura mount, toned to the aerophane surrounding the crown. I also thought quite charming a small close-fitting shape of copper-coloured straw, trimmed with two glorious wings shading from copper to yellow, and thrown up in relief against folds of dark-brown aerophane. There was granted me also a peep at an advance summer *chapeau* of Tuscan, with a packed wreath of pink roses in front, a similar wreath being placed beneath the brim at the back, and the clinching feature, strings of black velvet, to be worn beneath the chin.



AN OYSTER-GREY MOIRE COAT

The straight back has a panel, almost a fiddle-shape, defined by heavy pipings that apparently control the draperies at the hem, these being drawn forward in slightly upward line towards the front. The same heavy piping, it will be remarked, runs down the back of the arm, while the roll collar is of white satin, and the little "capuchin" of rose-pink ninon

A Parrot Cry

"Marshalls for Mantles" has been a veritable parrot-cry for years. Not only are the designs exclusive, but the actual materials of which these confections are fashioned equally so. A notably good model stands out boldly in pleasurable recollection, effected in one instance in purple velour *broche* lined fuchsia red soft satin, the neck and front outlined with purple ostrich-feather trimming, while with a green and gold brocade, lined black satin, black feather trimming was requisitioned. The general scheme is simple, but a pronounced silhouette is obtained by heavy pipings that form a V-shape at the back and are then continued down the back of the arms. For day wear there are the very smartest Ratine wraps. A grey and white stripe lined navy satin is an admirable model, as also one in brown *velour de laine*. As usual, however, the choice is inexhaustible, and will from now on be added to weekly. A bewitching evening gown might have stepped out of a picture painted in the First Empire. A veritable Josephine affair is this, the skirt of *souple* white *broché*, mounted on to a high waist little corsage of white chiffon, lined flesh-colour, and stitched with mock diamonds, the only colour relief supplied by a narrow *ceinture* that takes an upward curve just in front, formed of folds of Corbean blue, maize, and rose. Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove in every direction strike just the right and most desirable dress note.

A Wellington Firm

New season's materials at Egerton Burnett's, Wellington. A richness of choice that is unequalled is supplied by the above-named firm's latest consignment of patterns. There seems to be

more than the usual number of novelties, a[n] imp[ortant] emphasis being laid on some rough-knotte[d] weaves for coats and motor wraps. The "Tralee" is par-ticularly noticeable, as is another workmanlike-looking tweed, with a diagonal stripe running through, 52in. wide, and only 4*s.* 6*d.* the yard. For useful knock-about suits the "Ellesmere" is a most attractive light weight tweed, in light seasonable shades, together with the "Banff," a sort of herring-bone in a singularly nice mixture grey shade.

Then for summer frocks and blouses these enterprising manufacturers have brought out a *crépon* in a range of the most delicate colours, 40in. wide at 1*s.* 1½*d.* the yard, and a simply wonderful poplin, 27in. wide, 1*s.* 2½*d.* Another poplin, which is hall-marked by fashionable approval, is effectively striped, and is mostly represented in the delicate sand shade that, apparently, can do no wrong this season. Then for shirts and children's dresses Egerton Burnett prefer an array of zephyrs, striped cottons, that capital "Tootal" *pique*—that is uncrushable—together with some persuasive silk-warp goods, all washing fabrics, that are very literally unrivalled. And last, but by no means least, there are the Royal serges, which stand on the sound basis of many years experienced test. In addition to navy blue and cream the selection now includes a long range of colours. Another department scoring a success with this Wellington firm is that devoted to knitted coats and jerseys. It may, moreover, be of interest to many mothers to learn that a speciality is made of girls' gymnastic costumes, Egerton Burnett having the privilege of supplying many schools and colleges. Gymnastics are such a universally accepted item of the school curriculum nowadays that this final piece of information will doubtless prove of exceptional interest.

TWO CHAPEAUX OF THE LATEST VOGUE

The elongated sailor shape is of black aerophane, lightly trained over a shape, and trimmed with nattier-blue soft satin ribbon, and a cluster of tender pink roses with foliage in front. The companion model is also black, but of pedal straw, with a magnificent mount of champagne-coloured ostrich feathers, two amazingly high plumes, standing erect at the right-hand side. The height of these is not in the least degree exaggerated

Linens and Damask

Quite one of the most interesting and perfectly turned-out brochures ever issued in connection with high-class linens and damask is the "Green Book" just brought out by Robinson and Cleaver, and obtainable post free from them at 44, Donegall Place, Belfast. It was a real inspiration to print reproductions of the newest damasks on a vivid green background, and every woman who loves fine napery will turn over leaf after leaf of this booklet with the keenest interest. The designs are so plainly depicted, it is as though the very articles were before one's eyes. Needless to say, there are patterns to suit all tastes, bold centre-pieces, the still favourite satin stripe, the neat hailstone spot for breakfast and lunch-tables, etc. A novelty is a *moire* antique, though personally I find this less pleasing than a dainty *fleur de lys*, with a lattice work filling. But alike in the matter of price and quality, Messrs. Robinson and Cleaver once again assert their immense experience, knowledge, and enterprise.

The Menu: An Easter Dinner

Hors d'Œuvres. * Crevettes à la Tartine
Consommé à la Julienne
* Salmon with Sharp Sauce
* Fricassée of Chicken with Olives
Roast Leg of Lamb. Mint Sauce
Seakale. New Potatoes
* Gâteau with Fruit
* Devilled Chicken Liver

Crevettes à la Tartine

Have some prawns or shrimps picked, and put them in little rolled slices of brown bread and butter, and garnish with mustard and cress.

Salmon with Sharp Sauce

Take three or four slices (according to numbers) of salmon not quite an inch in thickness, and lay them in a marinade composed of oil, salt, lemon-juice, and herbs for an hour. Then place the slices of salmon on the gridiron, which must be oiled, and broil over a clear fire. Serve with the following sauce: Prepare some mayonnaise sauce, adding to it a small quantity of French mustard or ordinary mustard, a few finely minced gherkins, a teaspoonful of anchovy essence, and a small quantity of chopped chives or spring onions, tarragon and chervil leaves. This sauce is served cold.

Fricassée of Chicken with Olives

Cut a chicken into joints, fry them in olive oil or butter in a sauté-pan. Pour off the oil or butter, and add a minced shallot; let this cook a little, then moisten with some brown stock and well-seasoned sauce. Cover the pan, and cook gently for thirty-five minutes. About fifteen minutes before serving add twenty stuffed olives and dish up on a croûton of fried bread. Pour the sauce round and serve.

Gâteau with Fruit

Take a stale Madeira cake, cut off the top, and from the centre cut a large piece, leaving a wall of cake round about two inches thick. Have a bottle of either preserved apricots or plums, and stew them in syrup for a little while. Fill up the centre of the cake with the fruit, put on the top, and use the syrup to pour over the cake to soak it. When cold cover with a thick custard or whipped cream.

Devilled Chicken Liver

Pound the liver of a fowl, mix it with a teaspoonful of prepared mustard, salt, cayenne, a little anchovy essence, and a little butter; work it into a smooth paste, and spread on hot buttered toast. Place it in a very sharp oven for a few minutes to get thoroughly hot, garnish with parsley, and serve. The toast must, of course, be cut into nicely shaped pieces.

EMILIA

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT

ESTABLISHED 169 YEARS.

BROWN COLOURED

HAIR PINS

Ladies with Brown or Blonde Coiffure should use Hair Pins to match.

Obtainable in all the best shapes, viz.:—"Superior," "Ondulee," "Flexor," "Scientific," and "Keepin."

Also "Ondulee Lace."

In Brown or Blonde Hair they are quite Invisible.

Of all Drapers, Haberdashers, Stores, &c.

Original Manufacturers and Patentees:

KIRBY, BEARD & COMPANY, Ltd.,

London. Birmingham.

Paris. New York.

"Grossir c'est souffrir
Maigrir c'est rajeunir."

IT is necessary when seeking for an antidote to Obesity to obtain one which has medical opinion in its favour and scientific experience behind its preparation. Of such a nature is Dr. Deschamp's Iodhyrine, which has been officially tested in French hospitals with perfect success, and has won golden opinions from eminent Practitioners. No skin sagging results from its use, and the diet is not restricted.

For proof of the above statements read the Iodhyrine Book sent gratis to any applicant.

DR. DESCHAMP'S

IODHYRINE

is obtainable at 10/- per box of 60 cachets (a complete month's treatment) from Roberts & Co., 76, New Bond Street, Army & Navy Stores (London & India), Whiteleys, Selfridges, Barkers, Harrods, Junior Army & Navy and Civil Service Stores, Spiers & Pond, Boots, Ltd., or Laboratories du Dr. Deschamp's 7, Rue Jadin, Paris **and at 61, New Oxford Street, London.**

The interesting Booklet on Obesity can be obtained gratis from the last mentioned address.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK

MALTED BARLEY, WHEAT and MILK in Powder Form.

THE IDEAL FOOD DRINK FOR ALL AGES.

Delicious, nourishing, and refreshing.
HORLICK'S MALTED MILK.

¶ **IN INFANT FEEDING** is the only scientific substitute for Human Milk which perfectly simulates the action of the latter during digestion.

¶ **FOR GROWING CHILDREN.** Builds up and nourishes the constitution, gives stamina and ensures healthy growth with development.

¶ **IN THE HOME,** when used as a Table Beverage, is more beneficial than Tea, Coffee, Chocolate, or Cocoa.

¶ **ESPECIALLY USEFUL IN PHYSICAL CULTURE.** Replaces waste tissue and gives a feeling of fitness and staying power.

¶ **FOR BUSINESS MEN** it is the ideal quick lunch when time is pressing. May be kept in the office and is prepared in a moment.

¶ **FOR THE AGED AND INVALIDS.** The lightest diet in combination with the fullest nutriment—therefore gives best means of sustenance.

An efficient corrective of Insomnia, taken hot before retiring.

PREPARED IN A MOMENT WITH WATER ONLY. NO COOKING. SERVED IN HOTELS, RESTAURANTS, CAFÉS, & RAILWAY BUFFETS.

In Glass Bottles, **1/6, 2/6, 11/-,** of all Chemists and Stores. Liberal Sample for trial free by post on request.

HORLICK'S MALTED MILK COMPANY,
SLOUGH, BUCKS., ENGLAND.

Corset Gaine

This is a delightful Corset, modelled upon entirely novel lines. It is the invention of Madame Soum, the famous Parisian Corsetière, and is the only corset which really merits the term "glove fitting" on account of the absence of bones and the unique texture of the seamless material used.

The design, the material, and the exquisite work of "Corset Gaine" are exclusively Madame Soum's; there is no other corset which approaches it for ease and comfort, and for gentle but effective reduction of the figure.

"Corset Gaine" is indispensable to ladies desirous of moulding the figure to the best possible advantage; it gives the elegant grace and charming slimness required to set off the gowns of the moment.

From 29/6.

Ladies should make a point of visiting either of Madame Soum's showrooms, or of writing for her beautiful booklet of Modern Corset styles.

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193, Regent Street, W. *'Phone: City 4229.*
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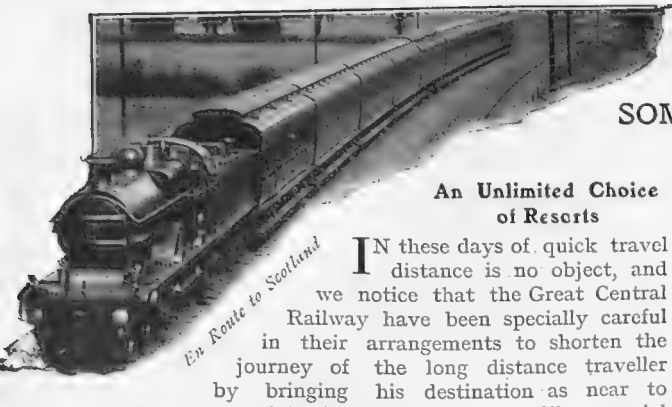
AND AT PARIS.



Where to Go at Easter

SOME RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE HOLIDAYS

An Unlimited Choice of Resorts

IN these days of quick travel distance is no object, and we notice that the Great Central Railway have been specially careful in their arrangements to shorten the journey of the long distance traveller by bringing his destination as near to London as possible in point of time. The special holiday programme issued by the Great Central Company contains an almost unlimited choice of resorts in the Midlands, North of England, and N.E. and N.W. Coasts, suitable for all tastes and requirements. Express corridor trains equipped in most cases with restaurant cars leave Marylebone on Thursday, March 20, at 8.45, 10 0 a.m., 12.10 p.m., 3.15, 3.20, 4.45, 6.20, 10.0, and 12.40 midnight, and special trains will also be run on Good Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday (Bank Holiday). Other attractive features of the programme are the issue of week-end tickets, frequent day and half-day facilities to the picturesque villages of the Chiltern Hills and Vale of Aylesbury.

North of England and Scotland

Those going far North, will have a large choice of destinations, for the Great Northern Railway are running excursions from King's Cross to no less than 500 stations, including bookings to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Dundee, Aberdeen, Inverness, etc., for five, eight, or eighteen days, and to the principal stations in the provinces for five, six, or eight days on Thursday, the 20th inst. In addition, week-end tickets (Friday to Tuesday) will be issued on Thursday, the 20th inst. Saturday to Monday tickets will be available for return on Tuesday, March 25. Restaurant cars will be attached to the principal day trains and sleeping-cars to most of the night trains.

Where the Sun Shines

Both the home and Continental holiday arrangements of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway are comprehensive in the extreme. Special day excursions will be run to Brighton, Hove, and Worthing on Good Friday, Easter Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday. The charms of these resorts are already so widely known that it is quite superfluous to remark here thereon. On the same days a special series of excursions will be run to Hastings, St. Leonards, Bexhill, Eastbourne, Seaford, and Lewes. The Continental programme of this company covers Dieppe, Rouen, Paris, and the Riviera. The booklet published by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway will be found invaluable to prospective travellers by this route.

The Breezy East Coast

There is nothing so healthfully beneficial as a short vacation on the East Coast. The bracing qualities of the climate of this part of England have a reputation second to none for restoring vim and vigour to the jaded town worker, and the Great Eastern Railway Company, with their customary promptitude, have got together a tempting programme of excursions for the Easter holidays. Intending travellers should note that from March 17 to the 20th inclusive a special booking-office will be opened at Liverpool Street Station for the issue of tickets for use from Liverpool Street Station on forward dates up to and including March 24. For spending Easter on the Continent the Great Eastern Railway Company's Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the Northern and Midland counties in the afternoon arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning. From the Hook of Holland through carriages and restaurant cars run in the North and South German express trains to Cologne, Bâle, and Berlin. For complete particulars readers should write for the company's booklet of Easter excursions.

The Golden West

A perusal of the Great Western Railways' Easter programme, obtainable at G.W.R. stations and offices, will convince the most sceptical that the company's title, "The Holiday Line," is by no means a misnomer. Excursion, week-end, and cheap tickets of one description or another are announced to considerably more than 500 stations, and among other facilities attention should be specially called to the following cheap trips for periods covering the Easter holiday, and in some cases extending to a fortnight or so for the benefit of those persons who take advantage of the season to spend a long holiday away from London. On Wednesday, March 19, excursions will leave Paddington for the North and South of Ireland, including Dublin, Belfast, Londonderry, Waterford, Cork, Killarney, Killaloe, Limerick, the beautiful Vale of Ovoca, and to the Isle of Man, etc. On Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, March 19, 20, and 22, there will be excursions to Chester, Birkenhead, Liverpool, etc.

Why Not The Continent?

A holiday abroad is to some people the only holiday that is really appreciable, and the facilities offered by the S.E. and C.R. Company place the Continent but a stone's throw from the smoke and grime of the metropolis. The Easter arrangements of the S.E. and C.R. are as varied as usual, and among those of special interest are the following. A special service to Paris, *via* Folkestone and Calais, will leave Victoria (S.E. and C.R.) at 2.50 p.m. on March 20, reaching Paris at 10.50 p.m., also *via* Folkestone and Boulogne, by the services leaving Charing Cross at 10.0 a.m. and 2. 20 p.m., on March 19, 21, 22, 23, and 24, and at 10.0 a.m. on Thursday, March 20, and by the night mail service leaving Charing Cross at 9.0 p.m. each evening from March 19 to 24 inclusive, *via* Dover and Calais. Returning from Paris at 8.25 a.m. or 2.30 p.m. *via* Boulogne, or 9.20 p.m. *via* Calais any day within fifteen days. A special service to the French Riviera, *via* Folkestone and Calais, by which cheap tickets to Cannes, Nice, Monte Carlo, Mentone, etc., will be issued, leaves Victoria (S.E. and C.R.) at 2.50 p.m. on March 20. Readers should procure the S.E. and C.'s special holiday programme of Continental and home arrangements, obtainable from the company's stations or agents.

Glorious Devon

In choosing the venue of one's Easter holiday, there is more likelihood of satisfaction afterwards if Nature's sure guide is followed. The climatic conditions which invariably give the South and West earliest manifestations of awakening spring, may safely be considered as most dependable at this early period of the year to furnish all the essentials to a pleasant, healthy, outdoor holiday, affording rest and recreation necessary to remove the effect of a winter in town. To most of the charming and rural and seaside resorts in Devon, Cornwall, and the Sunny South, there will be special fast trains (at excursion fares) by the London and South Western Railway, leaving Waterloo at convenient times on the Thursday before Easter, the tickets being available for from five to seventeen days. In addition, cheap "Thursday to Tuesday" week-end tickets are announced, available by the restaurant-car trains to the Isle of Wight, and most places in the South and West of England. Passengers can arrive at Waterloo any time during the afternoon of the Thursday before Easter and find a train in readiness for Bournemouth; no less than fourteen expresses will run direct between 1.20 and 7.50 p.m., or one every half-hour. This fact alone shows the growing popularity of "the Pine City by the Southern Sea" as a winter resort.

(And three-quarter)

In Health or Sickness

¶ Take regularly the "Allenburys" Diet.

¶ It is most easy of assimilation, increasing the vitality and diminishing fatigue.

¶ It restores the impaired digestion and gives tone to the whole system.

¶ Prepared from pure rich milk and whole wheat combined in a partially predigested form, the "Allenburys" Diet is a complete food, and is valuable alike for the Invalid and Robust.

¶ Made in a minute—add boiling water only.

Large Sample sent for 3d. stamps.

Of all Chemists, in Tins, at 1/6 and 3/-.

The "Allenburys" DIET

Allen & Hanburys Ltd., 37, Lombard St., E.C.

GOOD TAILORING
At Moderate Prices

. . First-Class Style and Quality of Workmanship—strictly moderate prices—personal attention to customers' requirements—snugness of surroundings—these are the dominant features which characterise our business, and which have woven round us a large Clientèle of men of refined taste who are not disposed to pay extravagant prices for their clothes, and who like to deal at an establishment where they can obtain all the advantages of the most exclusive tailors in London at prices not usually associated with West-End Tailoring.

	FROM
Lounge Suit	75/-
Overcoat	70/-
Morning Coat & Vest	70/-
Dress Suit	105/-

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TAILORS & BREECHES MAKERS.

ESTABLISHED 1860

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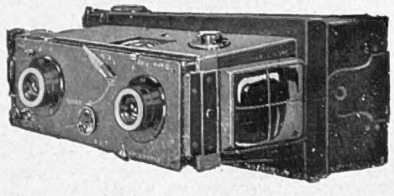
W.E.S.

Write, this day, for the Verascope Camera list No. 3 — it is free —

There is no photography that vies with the Stereoscopic. The ordinary paper prints are "flat" poor, and lifeless compared with stereoscopic pictures, in which every detail of each figure, tree, or leaf, can be viewed standing out in the same bold relief as in actual life. Anyone who has never shared in the joys of Stereoscopic photography should pay a visit to Jules Richard, Verascope House, 27, New Bond Street, W., where they will see Stereoscopic pictorial gems, all of which have been created by amateurs with the Verascope Camera. This Camera is so simple to work that a child can learn quickly to produce beautiful photographs of lasting delight. Therefore write for List No. 3 to-day.



The Verascope is the highest grade Stereoscopic Camera. Prices range from £7 10 upwards.

JULES RICHARD

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"There's not an inch of cotton in a mile of Tevia."

TEVIA TWEED

is the realisation of the ideal in Scotch Tweeds, all wool, and pure wool.

Distinguished in appearance, exclusive in design, comfortable in wear. Suitable for all occasions, Business, Country, or Professional wear.

The Trade Mark on every Suit Length protects you.

Ask your Tailor, or—

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NEW JIG-SAW PUZZLES

THE FIGURE-IT-OUT.

THE BLUE BIRD.

A Difficult Puzzle.
Beautifully Coloured.

75 pieces 2/-, postage 2d.
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BUNTY PULLS THE STRINGS.

6/-, postage 3d.

GIPSY LOVE.

250 pieces 8/-, postage 4d.

And many others.

New Price List of all kinds of Jig-Saw Puzzles and other indoor games Post Free.

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The Editor's Box

Hotel Arrangements for Easter

The Gordon Hotels, Ltd., have made splendid Easter holiday arrangements at several of their leading hotels. At the Hotel Metropole, Brighton, Hotel Metropole, Folkestone, and the Cliftonville Hotel, Margate, Eastertide will be celebrated with a succession of concerts, cinderellas, and visitors' balls, and readers would do well to send for the programmes before it is too late.

Real Comfort

If there is one uncomfortable feature in male garments that, in these days of the soft collars and soft felt hats tends more and more to sacrifice smartness to comfort, it is the sock-suspender. Some people get out of the difficulty by not wearing any; and among them is numbered, if we are to believe the art of some press photographers who have lately been in the Riviera, a very distinguished politician whose name was once connected with the mystic symbol "B.M.G." But those who hate being told intermittently to pull up their socks should try the Walker Grip Sock Suspender. The makers claim that it reduces pressure on the leg to nil, is easily adjusted, and that it is simplicity itself.

Riviera, 1913

A special excursion train to the Riviera has been arranged for Easter by the English railway companies and the P.L.M., and will leave London on March 20. Independent travel tickets are issued in first and second-class, available a month. The highest return fare from London is £9 12s. and the lowest £5 13s. 1d. A special handbill gives all the conditions of the excursion, and is obtainable from all tourist agencies and from the P.L.M. Railway Offices, 179-180, Piccadilly, London, W.

Lasting Qualities

Koh-i-noor Pencils, owing to their supreme quality, are recognised as the leading pencils of the world, and are in ever-increasing demand. They are indispensable to architects, draughtsmen, artists, and for all special requirements. For ordinary pencil usage, too, they are most economical, owing to their lasting qualities. The life of the Koh-i-noor equals at least that of six ordinary pencils. Any of our readers can have a complete list of the many varieties made, including the delightful series of pocket propelling pencils on application to Messrs. L. and C. Hardtmuth, Ltd., of Koh-i-noor House, Kingsway, London.

The "Good Luck" Biscuit

It was a happy thought that caused Messrs. Huntley and Palmers thus to name their latest biscuit. There is nothing uncertain or doubtful about the goodness of the luck which we always hope may be coming to meet us—it is sure to be altogether good. And this may truthfully be said about this newest product of the famous house at Reading. The Good Luck biscuit now on the market is altogether good, and proclaims the fact very satisfactorily to anyone who takes these little horseshoes. Short and crisp, with just the right degree of sweetness, the Good Luck biscuit is full of that rich, buttery taste which nothing but the very best materials could produce. And the secret of this, as of all the other biscuits from Huntley and Palmers, lies, of course, in their famous recipe, "nothing but the altogether good, and no substitutes of any kind." A biscuit of quality, and thoroughly good in every way—such is "Good Luck."

A Record Year

The Mutual Life Insurance Company, of New York, has achieved a record year. This is an altogether unprecedented result, being unequalled in the history of any other company, the bonuses alone which are to be distributed during 1913 being equal to the total funds of many life offices. The company had to "slow down" in its acceptance of new business directly applied for towards the close of 1912, the business written having attained the self-imposed limit of thirty millions sterling.

The "Pearl" Toilet Service

A beautiful representation of Mother of Pearl, with a perfect lustre and rich all Gold Handles.

Single Set ..... 5 Pieces 21/-
Double Set ..... 9 Pieces 42/6

A China Trinket Set, charming shapes and decorated to match, 10 pieces, 10/6

Our Spacious Showrooms contain China and Glass to meet every purpose. A visit is cordially invited. If unable to call, write for our illustrated Leaflets.

ALFRED B. PEARCE & Co.

ONLY ADDRESS 39 LUDGATE HILL LONDON E.C. ESTABLISHED 1760

—After Motoring

or any exposure to wind, dust or sun, the face burns, and even the softest water fails to prevent injury to the complexion. The newest, best and most delightful method is to

Cleanse and soothe the face

WITH VINESSE TONIC LOTION

—the only preparation that thoroughly and gently cleanses the pores, allays irritation and leaves the skin soft, satiny and cool. It cleanses, nourishes and beautifies the skin. Send 1/- for large special sample post free, from

Sole Makers:

VINESSE CO., LTD.,
193, Regent Street,
London, W.

Ladies' Homespuns direct from Scotland.

FRASER'S Light-weight SCOTCH HOMESPUNS

Inaugurated last season, their extreme lightness in weight at once commended them to many ladies who had found ordinary homespuns too heavy for comfort.

"Atholl" Homespun.—Its delicacy and the beauty of its colourings will especially appeal. All roughness and heaviness eliminated. 54 inches wide. 8/6 yard.

"Antler" Tweed.—Made by modern methods that give refinement and reduce weight. In 100 colourings. 54 inches wide. 5/6 yard.

4 yards make a Costume. Any Length Cut. Carriage Paid.

Patterns post free from

FRASER & SONS, 5, SCOTCH WAREHOUSE, PERTH.
(Established ... of a century.)

New Shoes
for
SPRING

MOST beautiful Spring Shoe Fashions are now being exhibited in our Showrooms. These delightful styles are exclusive, and are designed in our Bond Street workshops. A quarter of a million pairs to select from. The largest variety of high class shoes in England.

... We illustrate a model which is made of the finest Brown Willow Calf—a charming new shade in rather a deep tone. D.B. 1120 costs 21/- post free.

. . You may rely on being entirely satisfied with every purchase. We undertake to please you or refund your money and postage. Mention "The Bystander," and write for free illustrated catalogue.

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Cocoa for Connoisseurs

There are many kinds of Cocoa, which vary very much in quality.

People of taste, who like "the best," even though it costs a little more than the ordinary kind, will appreciate the excellent qualities of Savory and Moore's preparation of Cocoa and Milk.

Its special features are—delicious flavour, high nutritive value, and, last, but by no means least, perfect digestibility. Even those who have to deny themselves tea, coffee, and ordinary Cocoa can take it with benefit and enjoyment.

Though its use is by no means to be confined to Invalids, it is of great benefit in cases of weak Digestion, Nervous Exhaustion, Insomnia, etc. It is made in a moment simply by adding hot water.

TESTIMONY.—"Your Cocoa and Milk is just the preparation I've been looking for, as I am unable to take tea or coffee and do not care for the ordinary cocoas. I am very glad to have discovered so nourishing a food."

Tins 2s. 6d. and 1s. 6d., of all Chemists and Stores.

SAMPLE FOR 3D. POST FREE.

A Trial Tin of the Cocoa and Milk will be sent by return, post free, for 3d. Mention "The Bystander" and address—Savory & Moore, Ltd., 143a New Bond Street, London.

Savory & Moore's Cocoa & Milk

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LONDON	329-331, Oxford St.
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The "Princess Thyra" Carriage.
REGISTERED DESIGN NO. 572532.

A smart coach-built carriage of attractive design with raised mouldings. Ample room for a child to lie at full length; deep footwell for sitting up. Very easy and light to handle. Leather-hung on steel "C" springs, and mounted on direct spoke ball-bearing wheels with wired-on rubber tyres

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CARRIAGE PAID,

When you buy a Hitchings' Car you obtain the highest possible value for your money.

For design, quality of material, and excellence of workmanship, Hitchings' Carriages are unequalled, and they cost no more than the many imitations on the market.

"Now, children, suck some of these tablets on your way to school, and coming home. Then you won't catch any infectious illness."

Don't let your children catch other children's diseases. No school is safe from sudden and dangerous epidemics. Protect your children—give them Formamint daily.

A physician writes in **The Lancet**: "School Medical Officers recommend the daily use of Formamint for children exposed to the ever-present dangers of school infection during outbreaks of Scarlet Fever, Measles, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Mumps, etc."

One of the House Masters at Harrow School, **Mr. A. Vassell**, writes: "Formamint has been very successful with the boys in my School House."

Besides preventing infectious diseases, Formamint Tablets *cure* Sore Throat, "Spongy" Gums, Tainted Breath, and other common complaints of the mouth and throat. These tablets are perfectly harmless, and so pleasantly flavoured that children take them eagerly.

Insist on Wulfing's Formamint—the *only* genuine kind—price 1s. 11d. per bottle at all Chemists. For Sample and Booklet, please send a post-card—*mentioning this paper*—to A. Wulfing & Co., 12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.

We also make Sanatogen. May we send you Samples of both preparations?

WULFING'S FORMAMINT

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